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*ROSE OF THE WORLD.*¹

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XVI.

SIR ARTHUR came down the shallow oaken stairs, after his necessarily exiguous toilet, a prey to distinct dudgeon. He had been whirled away upon this expedition by the impetuosity of Lady Aspasia, somewhat against his will in the first place. That he, Sir Arthur Gerardine, should have to come in quest of his wife, instead of the latter obediently hieing her at his summons, was a breach of the world's decorum as he understood it personally. That his wife should have a headache and have partaken of phenacetin coincidentally upon his arrival; that she should evidently (and by a thousand tokens the unwelcome fact was forced upon him) be still in her uncomfortable hyperæsthetic neurasthenic state of health was a want of consideration for his feelings of which no dutiful spouse should have been guilty; and, moreover, this condition of things was woefully destructive of all comfort in the connubial state. He positively dared not insist upon seeing her at once. Absurd as the situation was, he must await her pleasure; for, with Lady Aspasia present, the danger of fainting fits or hysterics could not be risked. Not that he wanted to blame Rosamond unduly, poor thing; but it really was not what he had a right to expect.

These natural feelings of displeasure were heightened by the trifling deprivations caused by his stranded condition. He could

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not feel his usual superb and superior self coming down to dinner in a serge suit, his feet in heavy outdoor shoes. Then, the poor surroundings, the very feeling of the noisy oak boards instead of a pile carpet under these same objectionable soles, offended him at every step. He was ashamed that Lady Aspasia should find such a 'pokey' place. It was by no means a fit habitation for the wife of Sir Arthur Gerardine.

He had hurried down before the others, impelled by his restless spirit. The hall was empty. He took a bustling survey. How faded was the strip of Turkey carpet! God bless his soul, how worm-eaten were those square oak chests, presses, and cupboards, and how clumsy—only fit for a cottage! And that portrait, just under the lamp—poor English, he supposed? A regular daub, anyhow; why, he could see the brush marks! He wondered Rosamond could have it up.

He opened a door on the right and peeped in. All was dark within. He was assailed by an odour of tobacco smoke, and sniffed with increasing discontent. This visit of Bethune's, now, which had prevented Rosamond from hurrying to his side, was there not something irregular, not to say . . . well, fishy about the situation? It was odd, now he came to think of it, that Rosamond should never have mentioned the identity of her guest in any of her numerous telegrams, in spite of his repeated questions. He himself, in the midst of his important social, he might almost say political engagements (since a member of the Cabinet had been included in the recent house-party at Melbury Towers), had not had leisure to examine into it more closely hitherto. But now he flushed to the roots of the silvering hair, that still curled luxuriantly round his handsome head, as he recalled Lady Aspasia Melbury's loud laugh and meaning cry when Baby had performed the necessary introduction upon their recent arrival: 'So *you're* the mysterious visitor!' . . . A mere major of Guides! A fellow he had never really liked, after all!

Sir Arthur turned on his heel. In thought, he was already rapidly ascending the stairs, on a voyage of discovery to Rosamond's room. Nerves or no nerves, there are matters that require immediate attention. It was intolerable to think that Lady Gerardine, that his wife, should be guilty of the unpardonable lapse of placing herself—however unwittingly, of course—into a false position. It never even dawned upon Sir Arthur—to do him justice—to suspect her of any deeper offence.

As he paused, inflating his chest on the breath of his wrath, someone, with a quick, clean tread, came running along an outer passage, and flung open the swing door that led into the hall—flung it back with the shove of a broad shoulder.

Sir Arthur turned again, and had a moment of amazement before his fluttered wits remembered the existence of his own particular secretary.

Muhammed Saif-u-din stood filling up the doorway. His red turban nearly touching the lintel, a crusty bottle in either hand, he was staring at Sir Arthur, to the full as intently as Sir Arthur stared at him.

‘Oh, it’s you, is it?’ then cried, testily, the mighty historian of the Northern Provinces. ‘What the devil is the man doing with the wine,’ thought he, flaming inwardly, ‘when he ought to be busy on—on my book?’ In his mind’s eye Sir Arthur never beheld Muhammed but toiling with pen and ink upon the great work. ‘Well,’ he went on aloud, ‘I hope you’ve got a lot to show me!’

‘Excuse, your Excellency,’ said Muhammed. He drew himself together with a little effort, stepped across to the open dining-room door, and laid down his burden. Sir Arthur followed him, hot on the scent of the new grievance. Upon his word, everybody was off his head! Muhammed’s manner, his secretary’s manner, was downright cool—cool!

‘I don’t think I engaged you for this sort of work, Muhammed,’ said he.

Muhammed, with the point of a corkscrew just applied to the first bottle, paused and looked reflectively at the speaker. Then the points of his upturned moustaches quivered. He laid down bottle and corkscrew and made a profound salaam.

‘Excuse, Excellency,’ he said again. His fine bronzed countenance was subtly afire with some spirit of mocking irony. ‘There was a fear that your Excellency should be ill served in this poor house!’

Well, well, this was laudable, of course! Yes, even the babū felt that here was no fit entertainment for a Lieutenant-Governor. But nevertheless, intangibly, Sir Arthur found something disquieting in that smile, in the dark eye that fixed him. Vaguely a sense as of something mysterious and relentless came upon him. ‘You never know where to have them,’ he thought to himself.

In the pomp of his own palace, surrounded by scores of servitors

of his own magnificence, he had not given a thought, hitherto, to the possibility of treachery from the Indian subject. There he felt himself too great a man to be touched; but here, in this desolate house on the downs! . . . A small cold trickle ran down his spine. It was queer that the creature should have been so eager to come to England! . . . But the next instant the natural man asserted himself. Sir Arthur would certainly have been no coward even in actual danger; he was far too sure of himself to entertain idle fears.

'I shall see you to-morrow,' he said imperiously, and left the room.

A whirlwind of silks upon the stairs heralded Aspasia. She caught her uncle by the arm and dragged him into the drawing-room.

'Pray, pray, my dear Aspasia; you are really too impetuous!' cried he, disengaging himself testily. The familiarity which in India had added a piquancy to his own sense of magnificence was here a want of tact. 'The country has not improved your manners, my dear,' he went on, taking up his place on the hearthrug and sweeping the room with contemptuous gaze. 'It's high time to get you out of this.'

Miss Aspasia's ready lips had already parted upon a smart retort when the sound of Lady Aspasia's voice, uplifted from without, prevented the imminent skirmish. Her ladyship was evidently addressing Dr. Châtelard, for those strident tones were conveying, in highly British accents, words of what she supposed to be French:

'Drôle petit trou, pensez-vous pas?'

'Ah, but extremely interesting,' responded the *globe-trotteur*, in his precise English. He always obstinately answered in English Lady Aspasia's less perfect but equally obstinate French.

The two entered together, she towering over him, as might a frigate over a sloop.

Lady Aspasia Melbury was a handsome woman of the 'horsey' type. A favourite, even in royal circles, her praise ran in men's mouths expressively as 'a real good sort.' A woman kind to others, with the ease afforded her by splendid health, unlimited means, and an assured position. Modern to the very last minute, frank beyond the point of offence, she might be cited as one of those rare beings to whom life is almost an absolute success; the more safely, perhaps, because most of her ideals (if ideals they could be called) were of the most practical description. Yet life had failed Lady Aspasia upon one point—she had had one un-

satisfied desire ; her youth had held one brief romance, interrupted by a *mariage de raison* ; and when her millionaire had left her free, she had looked, with the confidence of her nature, to the instant renewal of the broken idyll. But here it was that fate had played its single scurvy trick upon the woman.

Arthur Gerardine, the once handsome, penniless lad, the now still handsome, distinguished man, who had remained bachelor all these years (she had fondly hoped for her sake), had married—a year after her own widowhood—married, not the ready Lady Aspasia, but a poor unknown widow out in India. Lady Aspasia's solitary unrealised ideal, then, was Sir Arthur Gerardine. In what strange nests will not some ideals perch ! And unattainable it seemed likely to remain.

As she now stood, her large, bold eyes roaming quizzically round the faded room—which seemed to hold her ultra-modern presence with amazement, to echo her loud laugh with a kind of protest, like a stately simple dame of olden times raising mittened hands of rebuke—no one would have guessed that she was inwardly eaten with impatience to behold her rival, to know at last the creature who had supplanted her.

'It is, indeed, a poor little place,' said Sir Arthur, bustling forward to advance a chair. 'I had no idea it was such a tumble-down old house. We must get rid of it as soon as possible.'

'Ah, but pardon !' interposed Dr. Châtelard. 'It is old if you will, Sir Gerardine, but thereby it is rich. Nowhere else have I so felt the unpurchasable riches of past time. I am charmed to have come here. After your gorgeous Melbury the piquancy of this antique abode of gentility is to me delicious !'

'Ah, well,' said Sir Arthur magnificently, 'I don't say it has not got a sort of picturesqueness and all that, but it's not what we are accustomed to in England, you know. Comfort, Châtelard, the land of comfort, we say. You don't know what it is in your country. But in the good old days—people did not understand it either, here, you see. Look at that chair, now. As hard as nails, eh, Lady Aspasia ? I daresay a collector or somebody might like it. What do you say—Chippendale, eh ? Elizabethan ? Well, it's all the same thing. It's not my sort, anyhow. I shall sell it all, bag and baggage.'

'Sell the Old Ancient House !' interrupted the younger Aspasia, hotly. The aggravation her uncle had ever the talent of awakening in her was now in full force. 'I think you'll find there will have

to be two words to that, dear Runkle. Aunt Rosamond's devoted to it.'

Sir Arthur inflated his chest.

'My dear Raspasia!' . . .

There was concentrated acrimony in his accents. The elder lady scented storm, and storm was not the atmosphere she liked.

'I declare, Arty,' she said, 'you made me jump. I thought those stern tones were directed to me. There are two Aspasia's here—Docteur Châtelard—elle est ma—namesake—appellée après moi, ou comment vous dites! Come here, namesake, and let's have a look at you.'

Aspasia fell on her knees beside the imposing tailor-made figure, and raised her pretty, pert face—pinker than usual, with a variety of emotions—for inspection. M. Châtelard put up his eyeglass to look down benevolently upon her. The English Miss had yet scarcely come under his microscope; but he quite saw that she would be a fascinating study. He now thought the contrast between the two Aspasia's somewhat cruel. 'Fraîche comme une rose, la petite . . . ronde comme une caille, mutine comme la fauvette—mais l'autre—oh lala, quelle carcasse!'

The fine lines of Lady Aspasia's anatomy—not inharmonious, but over-prominent, it must be owned, from the hardening effects of a too great devotion to sport—appealed not at all to the temperament of the French critic.

'I don't know what *you* think of your godparents,' Miss Aspasia was remarking, with the gusto of a well-established grievance, 'but I know what I think ought to be done to mine for giving me such an i-di-o-tic name.'

She rolled her eyes meaningly towards Sir Arthur. Lady Aspasia pinched the tilted chin not unkindly, while her loud laugh rang out.

'And you won't ever be able to change it, either, that's the worst of it,' she cried. 'Thank your stars, anyhow, it can't brand you all your life, as it does me, like an ugly handle to a fine jug—aha! By the way, Arty, you'll have to do something to help this poor child to change the Cuninghams, anyhow. She won't do it down here.'

'I don't want to change that at all,' cried Baby. Her quick ear had caught the sound of Bethune's tread on the threshold. She jerked her chin from Lady Aspasia's fingers and jumped to her feet. 'I've never seen anyone whose name I thought better worth having than Cuningham yet.'

In her young pride she unconsciously flung an angry glance upon the newcomer for appearing at just the wrong moment—a glance which Lady Aspasia caught, and from which she immediately drew conclusions.

These conclusions tallied to a nicety with some others that Lady Aspasia, not without a certain satisfaction, had been forming of late regarding the Gerardine *ménage*.

Lady Gerardine had shown an unmistakable disinclination to join her husband after a long absence; she had suddenly ceased corresponding with him except by telegram; and in these telegrams the name of the visitor whose presence was offered as excuse had been unaccountably omitted.

‘Poor child,’ cried the woman of fashion, with her crow of laughter and the brutal outspokenness of her circle; ‘she’s about tired of playing chaperon here! Never mind, my dear, your time will come by and by. “*Nous avons changé tout cela*,” as M. Châtelard would say; and a jolly good thing, too. We are only proper in our teens, and after that we can have a high old time till we are eighty. *C’est ce que nous appellons un score*, M. Châtelard.’

‘I think, Lady Melbury,’ said M. Châtelard, suavely, ‘that I should prefer to watch the high young time.’

But, as he spoke, his eye was on Sir Arthur; and from thence it went with eager curiosity to Bethune. He was rubbing mental hands of glee. What stroke of superlative fortune had landed him in the very middle, in the great act, he felt sure, of that drama, the beginning of which he had noted with such interest in far-off India? The poor, good, trusting Sir Gerardine, who had ordered his wife to fall in with her lover’s scheme, with such touching—such imbecile—confidence! Ah, but he was beginning to suspect; he *had* winced even now at the words of yonder impossible female. And that other? Why, it was clear that the Major had encompassed his design so far—but up to what point? That relentless, impenetrable mask was as hard to decipher as ever. It could not be said that he looked like the fortunate lover, but neither did he look like one who would spare or give way. ‘It is a nature of granite,’ thought the Frenchman, as he watched Bethune’s deliberate movements about the room. ‘Successful or still plotting, the advent of the husband at this moment—what a situation! And yet, behold the lover; immovable, implacable! It will be tragic!’

‘She’s tired of acting chaperon.’ Sir Arthur let the words pass because they were spoken by Lady Aspasia. But they had pierced

right through his armour of self-satisfaction and self-security. The new grievance became again unpleasantly active.

Rosamond had indubitably been incredibly, reprehensibly foolish. No one had a right so to neglect the ordinary conventions. He would have to speak to her very seriously, by and by.

'What can your aunt be about, my dear Aspasia?' cried he, impatiently. 'I think I must really go up and bring her down, if you will just direct me to her room.'

That he should have to ask to be directed to his wife's room; that, having been a couple of hours in the same house, they should not yet have met—it was preposterous, intolerable, it was most inconsiderate of Rosamond! It was an abuse of his chivalrous solicitude for her!

'Oh, I'll run up!' cried Baby, anxiously.

'Here is Lady Gerardine herself,' said Major Bethune's calm voice. He stepped to the door and opened it.

CHAPTER XVII.

UP went Lady Aspasia's eyeglasses. Often had she pictured to herself the woman who had 'cut her out.' She vowed she knew the type: 'men are so silly!'—the Simla belle, ill-painted, ill-dyed, with the airs of importance of the Governor's wife badly grafted upon the second-rate manners of the Indian officer's widow.

As Rosamond came into the room, her long black draperies trailing, her radiant head held high, a geranium flush upon cheeks and lips, Lady Aspasia's glasses fell upon her knees with a click; then she lifted them quickly to stare afresh. She forgot to rise from her chair; she forgot even to criticise.

'I'm done for—I'm stumped!' cried the poor sporting lady, in her candid soul. 'It's all u-p! Lord, what a fool I have been!'

Sir Arthur, filling his lungs with a breath of righteous reprehension, looked; and exhaled it in a puff of triumph. A beautiful creature. By George, the most beautiful creature he had ever seen! And she was his—his wife—Lady Gerardine. The old glorious self-satisfaction rushed back upon him. How well he had chosen, after all! A little neurasthenia might well be forgiven to one who so superlatively vindicated his taste. It was a glorious moment, this, of presenting the shining star of his selection to the poor old flame.

'Sac-à-papier ! : : : Quand une anglaise se mêle d'être belle, elle ne fait pas les choses à moitié.'

Dr. Châtelard adjusted his spectacles. This was the woman whom the astute Bethune, under the purple Indian sky, had accused in his hearing of being cold. Cold ? Just heavens!—what a bloom, what a flower ! Ah ! the answer to that question he had been asking himself with devouring curiosity ever since his recognition of the Manor-house guest, was here given him without a word. The poor—the poor Sir Gerardine ! Here was what he, Châtelard, with his enormous experience, had securely predicted. *Voici la conflagration !*

Not a jewel did Rosamond wear ; but her soft draperies were strung with long lines of jet, so that, with each movement, subdued fires seemed to flash about her. The fever colour in her cheeks, the fever light in her eyes, lent her usually pale and pensive beauty an unnatural brilliancy. All in the little room were unwittingly struck into immobility, that their every energy might be given to so rare a sight.

Raymond Bethune flung but one look, then dropped his eyes.

'He is afraid to betray himself,' thought the shrewd Châtelard, (his own inquisitive eye was everywhere); for once he was right in the midst of his wild surmises.

Even Baby stared, open-mouthed.

Rosamond advanced, looked round with unseeing glances. 'I am here. What is wanted of me ?' she seemed to ask, vaguely.

'Painted !' cried Lady Aspasia to herself, her gaze fixed hungrily. 'No'—for here Sir Arthur bent to kiss his wife, and the scarlet cheek turned to him was suddenly blanched—'No. What's the matter with the creature ? She looks as if she were going to faint.'

But Lady Aspasia was in no mood to follow the fertile train of thought suggested by Lady Gerardine's evident emotion under her husband's caress ; her own emotions were for the moment unwontedly acute and painful. Sir Arthur's fond and proud look at his beautiful consort struck the old love with a stab. She was not even regretted !

'My dear,' said Sir Arthur, one of his wife's cold hands in his, 'here is Lady Aspasia, of whom you have heard so much.'

Then Lady Aspasia remembered her manners, and rose to greet her hostess. As she did so, she caught the reflection both of herself and of Lady Gerardine side by side in the mirror over

the chimney-piece. Both tall women, their heads were nearly on a level; but between the two faces what a chasm! How could the old love be regretted? She was not even regrettable.

The elder woman gave a harsh laugh.

'Awfully glad,' she muttered, for once at a loss for words. 'She's got it all,' she was saying to herself. 'Youth and beauty—and Arty. Poor Arty; she does not care a snap of her finger for him, and heaven knows what's on her conscience!'

'You remember Dr. Châtelard, my love,' proceeded Sir Arthur. M. Châtelard made his preliminary French bow, and respectfully took possession of Rosamond's icy fingers. While his lips were forming an elegant little speech of greeting, while he was assuring her ladyship of his acute sense of privilege at being under her roof, his swift thoughts were busy on fresh conclusions. He looked down at the pale hand, the death-like touch of which lay inert in his palm, and up at the hectic loveliness of the face.

'C'est qu'elle est malade—très malade même!' he said to himself, with sudden gravity. 'Ah, she is not one to whom sin is easy! The young man may remember he was warned.' And, as he gave his arm to his hostess to lead her into the dining-room, he was perhaps the only member of the company to realise that Lady Gerardine had not so far uttered a single word. 'This will end in tragedy,' he told himself again; and the ring of Sir Arthur's laugh, the jovial content of his voice behind him, struck the Frenchman's ear, mere student of psychology as he was, with an actual sensation of pain.

As they crossed the hall they passed the figure of the Indian secretary standing motionless, with folded arms, at the further end. The man salaamed as they went by, and M. Châtelard felt Lady Gerardine shudder.

'Does the Eastern inspire you with repugnance?' queried he, as they entered the dining-room.

'With horror,' she answered, in a deep, vibrating voice; 'with hatred.'

The note of her passion was so incongruous to the occasion that the traveller found nothing to reply.

Once seated at the table, however, he set himself, with tactful assiduity, to cover a situation which tended to become awkward, not to say impossible. Fortunately, too, both the Aspasias kept up an almost violent conversation, and between them Sir Arthur was allowed very little time for reflection or observation.

Baby had purposely placed a large erection of ferns and flowers in the centre of the table. Sir Arthur had to peer round if he wanted to catch his wife's eyes. The four candles, in their red shades, gave but faint illumination. The dark oak panelling absorbed the side lights. It was only to Bethune on the one hand, to M. Châtelard on the other, that Rosamond's persistent mutism, her abstraction, became obtrusive.

'You have, I fear, small appetite, madam,' said the Frenchman at last, with kindly anxiety, unable himself to enjoy the excellent plain fare provided by old Mary while this lovely dumb creature beside him shuddered from the food on her plate, much as she had shuddered from the sight of the Pathan in the hall.

She turned her eyes, unnaturally bright in their haggard setting, slowly upon him, as if aware that he had spoken, and yet unable to grasp his meaning.

'You do not eat,' he repeated, with more explicitness. On the other side of him Lady Aspasia, wheeling round from her absorbing conversation with Sir Arthur, caught the words. She looked curiously at Lady Gerardine.

'We have taken away her appetite,' she cried, in her literal French. 'Too bad—and such a good dinner, too! I am ravenous still, in spite of the scones.' And she fell with zest upon the chop before her.

Jealousy might beset her, and angry suspicion of the woman who had supplanted her, but the business of the moment for Lady Aspasia was dinner.

'Capital wine,' said Sir Arthur. 'I had no idea, my dear Rosamond, that you could give us anything like this.' He peered round the chrysanthemums at her, and received again the agreeable shock of her beauty in its new garb of colour. 'I shall have to visit the cellar to-morrow. It's quite old wine, 'pon my soul. Châtelard,' and he burst into his ultra-Parisian French, 'you maintain a pretty fashion in your country, which we have given up in ours. Let us clink glasses.'

There was a flutter of napkins, an exchange of salutations. M. Châtelard rose, bowed his close-cropped grey head, and reached over his brimming glass. When it had touched Sir Arthur's, he turned and held it out, for the same ceremony, towards Lady Gerardine. Again she merely lifted her eyes towards him. He sank back on his chair and drank hastily.

'*Saperlotte*—she looks at one like a suffering dog And that

fellow opposite, with his face of marble! He drinks, that one, if he eats as little as she. And Sir Gerardine, the poor husband, so touching in his joy of family affection—and the little Miss, so innocent and gay—and the storm gathering—gathering! I could almost wish myself out of this, after all. The interest is undeniable, but the situation lacks comfort!’

‘Look,’ said Aspasia suddenly, in a low tone to Major Bethune, and laying her hand on his sleeve; ‘look, now that the door is open! Muhammed has been in the hall all the time of dinner. He’s listening to us and watching.’

‘Muhammed?’ echoed Major Bethune, starting slightly. His thoughts had been fixed so intently upon a painful and tangled speculation that he had some difficulty in bringing them back to Aspasia and her fears.

‘Yes,’ urged the girl, ‘Muhammed. Don’t you see? There he is.’ She dropped her voice still lower. ‘I do think he’s got his eye on Runkle. Oh, dear, I don’t believe I ever knew what it was to be frightened before I came to this dreadful Old Ancient House!’

Bethune glanced at her paling cheek, and then out through the half-open door into the hall, where the figure of the Pathan might indeed be perceived leaning against the staircase post in his former attitude of composed watchfulness.

‘Don’t be frightened,’ said the officer of Guides, smiling, ‘the Eastern are as curious as children, for all their grand impassive airs; and this very fine westernised specimen has come to stare at us, and despise us in the depths of his soul, which is as savage, no doubt, as that of his brethren, in spite of his veneer. Besides, Miss Aspasia, he’s not looking at Sir Arthur; he’s looking at Lady Gerardine.’

‘He knows she hates him, perhaps,’ said Baby, with a fresh chill of apprehension. ‘Oh, Major Bethune, you may laugh, but I don’t believe the creature’s safe; and I, who thought him quite human when he helped me with the wine to-night. Fancy, I was down in the dark cellars with him!’

‘Capital pheasants,’ said Sir Arthur; ‘capital.’

‘Lord!’ cried Lady Aspasia’s shrill voice; ‘I wish my *chef* would only learn to make bread sauce like this.’

‘I hope there’s another bottle up of that excellent wine,’ resumed the great man, genially.

‘Excellent wine in very truth,’ echoed M. Châtelard.

Rosamond's soul sickened within her. How they ate and drank! How nauseating was the clatter of knives and forks, the clink of glasses, the fumes of wine and roast! Away, away, in the old grey fort, at the end of endless winding valleys under the snows, one was a-hungered and a-thirst.

'*We shall have to draw in our belts,*' he was saying, making mock, as strong men will, of his physical pain. '*Only four dozen boxes of pea meal and twenty bags of rice left.*' . . .

'*When men are slowly starved they can bear the hunger . . . but thirst is an active devil.*'

Oh, God, the smell of the wine—his wine—to see them drink it, laughing, while his dear lips in vain were calling out for water!

She felt his anguish burn in her own throat, desiccate her own mouth. Someone was speaking to her; her dry tongue clicked and could form no sound. She groped for the glass of water and lifted it to her lips, but laid it down untouched in a spasm of horror. How could she drink when he was parched?

'*Rosamond, Rosamond, when will you hold the cup for me?*' She put her hand to her throat; the room went round with her.

'You are suffering,' said Bethune, leaning over to her.

His nature was all unused to introspection. By character and breeding he was given to hold in scorn all troubles that were not concrete, all conflicts conducted in those nebulous regions known as the heart or the soul. His life had been mapped out on positive lines, where right and wrong were as white and black. But, since his first meeting with Lady Gerardine, his simple ethics no longer sufficed. Not only did others discover to him desires, motives, heights and depths undreamed of in his philosophy, but he had become aware of some such forces in his own being. Like a man who first suspects within himself the germs of mortal illness, he had tried to prove their non-existence by denial. But the pain-life is too strong for human will, and the time comes when the only fight the will can make against it is that of silent endurance.

As Bethune sat by his hostess to-night, he was feeling, inarticulately, according to his nature, but acutely, not only the pain of her own situation as he dimly guessed it, but the actual physical pain of her suffering, her sick recoil from meat and bread, almost the spasm in her beautiful throat that would not let her swallow one drop of the water her fevered lips yearned for.

He spoke at last. Her dumb anguish was more than he could bear.

She inclined her head towards him. Vague at first, he saw understanding of his speech, consciousness of his presence gather into her glance; and then, something else—something, the name of which he could not formulate, even in his own mind, but which turned him cold. Suddenly she spoke, in so low a voice that the words, like some distilled poison, seemed, drop by drop, to fall straight from her lips into his heart only:

‘You sit at his table, you drink his wine—you—you who took the sacrifice of his life for your own—you, who should have died, that dawn, that he might live!’

What things are these, our conventions of civilisation! There sat Bethune, in his high white collar, his stiff shirt front, his trim black coat, listening to Lady Gerardine’s mad words, one hand still on his fork, with that air of courteous attention which a man should pay to his hostess’ conversation, be it on the subject of the weather or the last political conundrum.

Even had M. Châtelard adjusted his spectacles for a piercing look at the hero of his drama at that particular moment, he would have read nothing on the lean saturnine countenance. Yet had it not been for the conventions of society, how would not Raymond Bethune have answered Rosamond Gerardine? With what madness leaping to hers; with what passion, down on his knees! . . . ‘Scorn me, for I deserve your scorn. I cast myself and my worthless life before you. Crush me into the dust if you will, only let me feel as I die the print of your foot upon me. Oh, you—most beautiful!’

‘I think,’ said M. Châtelard, rising abruptly, ‘that Lady Gerardine is ill.’

She was leaning back, deathly white, save for two hectic spots on each cheekbone which heightened the ghastliness of her look.

Poor Sir Arthur! It was too bad! Just as he was beginning to feel so comfortable, in spite of the pokey little place, so conubially satisfied.

‘Tut, tut!’ he cried, as he fussily made his way round the table. ‘I had hoped we had left all this in India.’

Baby warded off his approach with a pointed elbow.

‘Keep away, for goodness sake, Runkle,’ she cried sharply. ‘She’s faint; she wants air, that’s all. Come with me, darling.’

But, with unexpected strength, Lady Gerardine rose abruptly from her chair and pushed the faithful child on one side.

'I am not faint,' she said. 'I am not faint; I am sick. Oh . . . to see you all eat and drink!' She swept the circle with her eyes; her last glance resting upon Bethune. Then, with a beating heart, he knew what it was, this new nameless thing he had never seen before in her soft eyes—it was hatred.

Her light draperies, weighted with their embroideries, swung against the chairs and the panelling of the narrow room as she hurried out from among them, head erect—scorn, abhorrence, in the very wind of her swift passage.

With a sudden dilation of the eye, Muhammed Saif-u-din watched her come. He checked a forward movement towards her, and drew himself up sharply. But as she passed him he bent his supple frame and bowed deep—deep. Suddenly aware of him, she started fiercely from the proximity.

'Out of my sight,' she exclaimed, with a hoarse, deep cry, 'son of treachery; his blood is still upon your hands!'

The tread of her foot, curiously heavy, resounded, measured, all up the oaken stairs.

Muhammed shot one eager glance after the retreating figure, then turned abruptly and plunged into the side passage.

In the dining-room a dead little silence had fallen. Even Aspasia dared not follow her aunt. Consternation sat upon every countenance; the eye of each guest was instinctively dropped, as if dreading to betray a thought. Dr. Châtelard drew his brow together with professional gravity.

'Insane—the poor, beautiful lady?' he asked himself. 'Here is a solution, *par exemple*, that even I could not have foretold!'

'I'm afraid Lady Gerardine has found our surprise party a little overwhelming,' cried Lady Aspasia at last, with her harsh laugh.

Young Aspasia began to sidle towards the door. Sir Arthur, rousing himself from his painful astonishment, arrested her in the act.

'No, my dear Aspasia,' said he, not without dignity; 'you remain here and entertain our guests. I will see to your aunt. You are right, Lady Aspasia, it was inconsiderate of me to take my wife by surprise in this way. The poor girl is quite overwrought. Never fear, my dear,' he went on, again addressing his niece, in answer to her last feeble objection, 'I shall find my way, the house is not so large. Une neurasthénie, mon cher Châtelard,

compliquée d'hyperesthésie,' he added, with his seraphic smile. 'I do not know if your experience has brought any such cases under your notice, but, of course, you know they require careful handling.'

Sir Arthur may have been a fool, and a pompous one, but long traditions leave their stamp, even on unworthy material. You may be a bad specimen of porcelain, but porcelain will remain refined clay. *Grand seigneur* in breeding, if in nothing more, Sir Arthur carried off the situation with due regard to his guests and due regard to English reserve, as well as a better man. Nevertheless, no situation could be imagined more galling, perhaps, to his particular temperament. His hand on the door knob, he made them a courtly little bow, and closed the door behind him.

'Overwrought!' commented Lady Aspasia, dilating her nostrils, with an expression that made her long-featured face look more equine than ever. 'Some people would call it "high strikes"; and, if you ask me, I think the "high strikes" in this case are sheer temper.'

Baby sat down, looking sick and faint herself.

'The fat's in the fire, now,' said she, in a desperate whisper to Bethune.

The man made no response, but taking a nut from the dish before him, seemed exclusively interested in the task of cracking it between his fingers.

'Neurasthenia is, I fear, sadly on the increase,' said M. Châtelard, in a non-committal manner to Lady Aspasia.

The latter laughed again. 'Neurasnonsense and hyperfiddlesticks! Poor Arty—with his careful handling! Careful handling. I should carefully handle the water-jug.'

She flung an irate and contemptuous look at Bethune, who was absorbed in his nut-cracking. What sordid hole-and-corner business had this twopenny-halfpenny Indian officer been concocting with the Lieutenant-Governor's wife to account for these tantrums?

'So ill-bred,' said the lady of birth to herself. 'When people make these little slips, at least they should have the decency not to parade them!'

CHAPTER XVIII.

SIR ARTHUR had, as he foretold, little difficulty in finding his wife's room ; indeed, her door had been left open, and she stood directly in his line of vision as he came upstairs. A lighted candle aloft in her hand, she seemed to be examining a picture that hung on the panel immediately above her dressing-table.

He came in quickly, with his short consequential step, and closed the door behind him. At the sound of the clicking lock she wheeled round, still holding the candle above her head. The light played upon the outstanding aureole of her hair, caught on one side the scarlet oval of her cheek, the gleam of her teeth between lips, open as upon amazement. Her rapid breathing shook her as she stood ; and the darkling brilliancy of her jet-flecked robe ran all about, and up and down the long lines of her limbs, as if she had been clothed in black fires.

'You said you were sick,' he exclaimed tartly, 'and I find you looking at a picture.'

She made no reply, but stood, still holding up her light, shimmering and quivering, a thing of such extraordinary vividness and beauty, out of the half-darkness of the room, that in admiration he felt his righteous wrath once more slip from him.

'Really, my dear Rosamond,' he went on, in mollified tones, 'you should try and have a little more self-control. I cannot imagine what Lady Aspasia must think of you. I declare anyone might have thought—I don't know what they might not have thought,' concluded Sir Arthur, somewhat lamely.

Rosamond put down the candlestick on the table beside her, then stood clasping her hands tightly together, her head bent in the attitude of a chidden child. She was making a strong effort after her vanishing sanity. It was, perhaps, the old instinctive dread of violent emotion, or the realisation that here was the crisis at last, hitherto so deliberately thrust from her thoughts, that braced her to meet the moment. It may have been, after all, the fact that it was Sir Arthur the taskmaster, not Sir Arthur the fond husband, that stood before her. However it might be, something of the sweet reasonableness that had made her so acceptable a consort to the Lieutenant-Governor all these years did, in truth, seem to come back to her. She answered, very gently :

'Indeed, I owe you all an apology. You will explain it to the others, will you not? I am really ill.'

Ill; tut, tut! What was she feeling? Was she sick; had she a pain; had she a cough? He lit another candle to look at her. Had she taken her temperature? Where was the thermometer?

With an unutterable failing of the heart, the atmosphere of her whole life as Lady Gerardine seemed suddenly to close round her once more; the intolerable solicitude, the tyrannic fondness, the perpetual, ineluctable watchfulness, how had she endured it? But she must be calm. What was it Baby had said? 'Anything would be better than a scandal.' These holy walls, this consecrate house—oh, no, they should never echo the wranglings of her most unholy union!

Sir Arthur was turning over the trinkets on her dressing-table. Where *was* the thermometer?

She did not know.

Not know where the thermometer was!

'I don't think I've got one,' said Lady Gerardine faintly. 'But it's not fever; it's not that! Indeed, I only want rest—'

He turned, in real indignation and surprise. 'Not got one?'

'Perhaps if you were to ask Aspasia——' The suggestion was coupled with a wild look at the door.

Sir Arthur laughed, not very pleasantly. One would almost have thought she wanted to get rid of him. Women were certainly incomprehensible creatures.

'You have not mislaid your pulse, I take it.'

She retreated from his touch till she could retreat no further; then, brought up by the wall, slid both her hands behind her.

'I'm not ill in that way. You know I always did hate being fussed about. Aspasia told you I had a headache. It is true, I have a headache. I only want to be alone; I only want to sleep.'

Sir Arthur stood surveying her. Poor gentleman; his mind was generally in a compact and neatly labelled condition, quite ready with an adequate theory for each event of life. But to-night it was as if someone had been making hay in the tidy compartments of his brain. His ideas were positively jumbled. Scarcely did he seem to have a proper hold of one when the next would send him off at a tangent. He had come upstairs to make his wife feel how grievously she had offended his idea of decorum, and had immediately lost himself in admiration of her appearance. And

now, once more, in the very midst of his real anxiety about her health, he found himself abjectly remarking what an extraordinarily beautiful woman she was.

'I'm not so sure,' he said suddenly, half fondly, half irritably, 'that those red cheeks are a very good sign.'

He put out a finger and stroked the velvet outline. She closed her eyes and set her teeth, nerving herself against the agony of the caress.

'I left a white rose,' he went on, with elaborate gallantry; 'I find a red one. My dear, your cheeks are certainly very hot.'

That voice from the past, to which Rosamond's ears had been so acutely attuned these days, suddenly took up the words: '*My white rose, my red, red rose!*' As the sailor feels the raft break beneath him, she felt the last shreds of her self-control giving way under the stress of seas of passion and terror. She looked round desperately; almost, she thought, that man—that intruder—must have heard the dear voice also. Oh, sacrilege to have him standing there!

'Will you not leave me?' she cried, with a burst of pleading. 'I must rest. You were always kind to me—will you not leave me now? Indeed, I am in pain.'

'My darling!' he exclaimed, in genuine concern.

That flush was unnatural, it was evident. She had wasted away, too. He could see that. She who used to have such a noble, full throat; and her breathing came all too quick.

'Come, my darling,' he went on, 'let me see you to bed myself. No one, you know, can look after you but myself. I should not have trusted you away from me all this time. Come, come, we must let this hair down to ease the poor head—your golden hair, Rosamond. It is not the first time I have unbound it—eh, my love?'

'*Your golden hair, Rosamond . . .*' whispered the voice in her heart. God, what sort of a woman was she that another should dare use these sacred words of love to her? She fixed her piteous eyes upon Sir Arthur, as if, by the sheer intensity of dread, she could keep him from her. But he stretched out his arms.

She shrank, flattening herself against the wall, one arm raised across her brow as though to protect her hair.

'One would almost think you were shy—afraid of me,' said he, jocularly, while his embrace hovered over her.

'*Once there was fear of me in your eyes . . .*'

'Don't touch me!' she shrieked. 'Oh, your horrible hands!'

There fell instantly between them the silence of the irremediable deed.

Rosamond had at last torn across the interwoven fabric of their two lives; the ugly rending sound of the parting hung in the air. These gaping edges no seam could ever join again. To the woman came a fierce realisation of freedom, a sweeping anger at the petty shackles that had held her so long.

Sir Arthur stepped back, his arms falling by his side. He, poor man, felt as if the good old world, of which he was such an ornament, had suddenly ceased to be solid beneath his feet.

'Rosamond!'

'What are you doing here?' she cried, in a panting whisper. 'What do you want with me? How dare you come into this room?'

'Rosamond!'

'Go!' she bade him, pointing to the door. 'In the name of God, leave me. Merciful heavens . . . to follow me here! Have you not a spark of human feeling left in you? Is it not bad enough, is it not terrible, hideous, that you should be in this house at all?' She caught him by the arm, pushing him like a frenzied creature. 'Go!'

'Are you mad?' he furiously exclaimed.

Upon the very words he stopped abruptly and stared at her. A horrible suspicion of their truth flashed upon him. Could it be possible, could fate dare to play so horrible a trick on him? Was the wife of Sir Arthur Gerardine actually going out of her mind? He felt his hair rise. A dampness gathered cold on his forehead.

She stood, with outflung arm, motionless, save for her rapid breathing.

'If you're really ill,' he faltered now, seeking for his handkerchief and mopping his face with flurried hand. The tail of his apprehensive eye upon her, he was, in his mind, rapidly concocting that telegram to the family physician in London which should be despatched at the earliest possible moment, and bring him—and also a mental specialist—to the Manor-house by the first possible train. 'Most urgent, serious anxiety.' The Lieutenant-Governor muttered the words to himself. He belonged to that type of fond family man who, at the first hint of a possibly insane member in the home circle, has no other idea than the immediate shutting up and putting away of the dangerous dear one.

Dimly, through the storm and stress in which her soul was struggling, there came to Rosamond some perception of the pathetic figure presented by Sir Arthur in his sudden trouble. The well-worn cloak of self-complacency was rudely torn from him. His was the flurry of the man on the wrong side of life who has neither the elasticity of youth nor the true dignity of age to help him meet an unexpected blow. Her hand dropped by her side. He had been kind to her, after his own fashion; generous, too, and trusting. She sank back against the bed with a little moan.

'I am to blame, all through, from the beginning,' she said, hopelessly. 'I have sinned against myself, against you, against him,' she faltered; and laid her left hand on the old carved bedpost to steady herself. Her head dropped sideways against her shoulder. 'If I could set you free,' she murmured.

Sir Arthur turned sharply upon her, one suspicion chased by another. This was coherent enough. There was meaning in this—too much! A purple flush mounted to his face; the veins in his forehead swelled.

'I was content to go on,' pursued the woman, in the same vague tones of plaint. 'Remember, it was you who insisted. Before you curse me, always remember that. I wanted to dream my life away—why, else, should I ever have listened to you? But you would not let me dream. You thrust my fate upon me—you and that man. What chance had I of escape between you both? you and that man!'

From purple, Sir Arthur's face grew ashen grey. That smiling, genial, handsome face became a positive mask—lips drawn back from the teeth, pupils narrowed to vindictive pin-points of fury. He drew near to her in silence, his head thrust forward, his twitching hands clutching the lapels of his coat on either side.

You and that man—that man, Bethune!

Through the buzzing in his ears there came once again the echo of Lady Aspasia's laugh, her meaning words: 'So *you* were the excuse.' And again the gibe: 'Aspasia is tired of playing chaperon!'

Mad? Would God it had been madness! This was a confession. His wife, Lady Gerardine, the consort of the Lieutenant-Governor, had had a low intrigue with an obscure Indian officer, a fellow of no standing, of no importance—Bethune! As Sir Arthur drew near her, silent through the very inadequacy of language, his eye fell upon the pale hand clasping the bedpost. There,

upon the third finger, flashed the tiny gems of an unknown ring—a miserable, paltry thing. (Sir Arthur was a man of detail, even at such a moment.) It was the last straw. He gripped her by the wrist, brutally.

‘Whose ring is that?’ he sputtered.

The physical pain of his clutch did her good—roused her, with a sense of relief, to face his onslaught. She was glad that he should be angry, that his countenance should be distorted and ugly. In such a mood as this she could meet him and feel strong. It was the broken-down, trembling, aged Sir Arthur she could not meet.

‘Whose ring?’ he repeated, and shook her as he held her.

She straightened herself, and with her free hand swept a gesture of pride towards the portrait on the wall. Far away was she, in the depth of her grand passion, from the sordid speculations of his mind.

‘What!’ he shouted, dropped her hand, and ran to the dressing-table, flinging a candle on high to stare. ‘Why—why!’ he stammered, putting down the light. ‘Pooh, what nonsense is this? You can’t put me off like this now. That—why, that’s poor English!’

‘And I,’ she cried, walking up to him, ‘I am Mrs. English. Oh, that was the mistake! You thought I was Lady Gerardine. I never was. You took a dream woman and thought she was your wife. I never was your wife. I am his—his only. Now you understand, do you not?’

Poor Sir Arthur! In proportion as her exaltation mounted, his heat of anger fell away. His bewilderment grew, and his perturbation. For a moment or two he tried to cling to his conviction of her guilt. We are always anxious to vindicate ourselves when we are moved to great wrath; and the more unjust we have been the more loth are we to give up our suspicions. But with these eyes of flame upon him, with these accents of passion in his ears, even Sir Arthur could not maintain his damning judgment. The first hypothesis, that of insanity, came back to him in full force. Then arose a mitigated suggestion. A man of desultory reading, he had a smattering of many subjects. He had heard of that form of mental trouble called auto-suggestion—*idée fixe*. He looked round the room.

By George, there was another portrait of poor English! And, as he lived, a photograph of him on the chimney-piece. He had passed one on the stairs. And now he remembered the daub in

the hall. He drew a long breath. This little damp hole of a place, with the fellow's head staring down at one from every corner—yes, that was it—it had been too much for her in her nervous state of health. The next words she spoke brought confirmation :

'Do not think I blame you! I know—I know. It is my own cowardice, my own baseness of soul that has brought it all upon me. And now it is too late. His papers, his letters, too late they came to me. I am lost—lost!'

She put her hands to her forehead, and reeled. He caught her in his arms.

Those dashed papers! How obstinate she had been about them! He had known it would be too much for her; he had even been ready to take the burden upon himself.

'There, there, Rosamond!' She faintly struggled against his supporting embrace, every inch of her flesh shuddering from his touch. Oh, that voice from the past: '*There are things a man cannot contemplate in his living body; things the flesh rebels against. The dead will be quiet.*' The dead . . . but he was not dead. Perhaps now he was looking on them! The horror of the thought paralysed her, as the snake paralyses the bird. Yet, if she had had a knife in her hand she might, in that madness of nausea, have struck it into the breast against which she was clasped.

'Sir James was certainly right,' thought Sir Arthur, tightening his grip upon her waist with one hand, while he patted her shrinking shoulder with the other. 'What Rosamond wants, poor girl, is soothing.'

She wrenched herself free suddenly, with unexpected strength. Sir Arthur staggered. Then she turned upon him a countenance of such livid vindictive menace and at the same time such torture that, speechless, he recoiled before her.

At the door he muttered something about sending up Aspasia; but it was closed upon him and locked before the words were formulated. He listened awhile. From within came, at first, a faint swish as of her moving draperies, and then a heavy silence.

'She looked at me,' said the unhappy husband to himself; 'she looked at me as if she could murder me!'

He shook his head, and began once more to concoct his telegram as he slowly walked downstairs.

(To be continued.)

THE LUNGS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY HENRY W. LUCY.

THAT the House of Commons is the chamber with the best acoustical properties among its compeers is indisputable. Personally, with an experience exceeding that of most members, I hold it to be also the best ventilated. This is a controversial point governed by idiosyncrasies. It is an old story, going back to a date beyond thirty years, how John Bright and Acton Smee Ayrton, sitting side by side on the Treasury Bench during the last years of Mr. Gladstone's great administration born in 1868, used to squabble over the temperature. While one declared it was intolerably cold, the other protested it was insufferable by reason of heat.

Dr. Percy, then in charge of the ventilating machinery, was the recipient of angry letters from both statesmen. Mr. Ayrton was at the time First Commissioner of Works, and spent an appreciable portion of a useful, strenuous life in prowling round, closing up the air openings of the chamber. 'Mr. Ayrton was very susceptible to draughts,' Mr. Prim, Resident Clerk of the Works in the Ventilation Department of the Houses of Parliament, subsequently Resident Engineer, confided to the Select Committee meeting in 1892. Mr. Bright yearned for fresh air, from whatsoever quarter it came. Thus it came to pass that as they sat together watching the decadence of Mr. Gladstone's once vigorous Ministry, a coolness literally sprang up between the President of the Board of Trade and the First Commissioner of Works.

It is this difference in the temperature of statesmen and less important mortals that harries the life of those responsible for the ventilation of the House of Commons. What is one man's fresh air is another man's dangerous draught, leading to rheumatism and other direful consequences. The normal temperature of the House of Commons is, with infinite care and at considerable cost to the nation, kept at the level of 62°. That is the ideal temperature for healthy human beings. But so devotional is the care with which the priceless health and comfort of members are watched

over that varying circumstance leads to altered temperature. The thermometer is consulted every hour, the result being recorded in a book that will never be published. The inquiry is no mere slap-dash performance. There is nothing in the nature of casual inquiry taken haphazard. An able-bodied man passes a useful life in perambulating the chamber and its precincts, thermometer in hand, testing the temperature. No member coming upon him by chance guesses his kindly errand. He may be seen flitting behind the Speaker's chair at one end of the House, presently skirting the chair of the Serjeant-at-Arms at the other, anxiously watching the thermometer and entering the record. Thence his parade leads him to the division lobbies, the retiring-rooms, the outer lobbies, and all the places where members congregate. His report is, hour by hour, carried to the Clerk of the Works, who, with a speed and decision unknown in Committee of Supply, deals accordingly with the ventilating apparatus.

I have mentioned the fact that the normal temperature aimed at is 62° . Having made profound study of human nature, the experts in charge of the ventilation of the House recognise that with a temperature 80° in the shade outside, members entering a chamber where it stood at 62° would feel it chilly. Accordingly, in such exceptional circumstances, the temperature is nicely graduated, going up to 65° , or higher. The same infinite care watches over an all-night sitting. This divertissement taking place on a sultry summer night, a temperature of 62° is a luxury. With the dawn of early morning healthy animal nature grows chilly. The temperature of the chamber is, accordingly, delicately doctored until, as far as possible, the anxious expert raises it to about the average of the blood heat of an Irish or Welsh member.

In no other legislative assembly in the world is equal solicitude in the important matter of ventilation shown for the comfort of members. The extreme Radical will feel some satisfaction in knowing that it is not extended to the House of Lords. The difference between the atmosphere of the two chambers is strikingly disclosed on the rare occasions when the House of Lords sits late, carrying on debate in a crowded House. Ventilation is attempted by the ordinary process of opening windows. How ineffective this proves by comparison with the scientific, elaborate mechanism controlling ventilation in the House of Commons is brought home to the member leaving his own House to sit for awhile in the gallery overlooking the Peers. The air of cities contains an average of

four volumes of carbonic acid per 10,000. In an ordinary room the ventilation is regarded as satisfactory as long as the proportion of carbonic acid in the atmosphere does not exceed six volumes per 10,000. The House of Commons, with some 350 people breathing its atmosphere, rarely exceeds four volumes, equivalent to breathing the fresh air outside. This simple matter of fact is a triumphant vindication of the success of its ventilation.

Doctors are agreed on the point that supply of fresh air should reach the proportions of fifty cubic feet per minute per head. That ideal is habitually exceeded in the House of Commons. Members who, like the oldest clubman, must grumble about something, complain that while the air is abundant it lacks freshness, inducing a feeling of lassitude. In fairness to the painstaking staff of the ventilation department it should be pointed out that this incontestable condition of constant attendance upon Parliamentary debate is due not to lack of freshness in the air supplied, but to the prodigious length of some speeches. As an incentive to a state of physical and mental lassitude, an hour's discourse from Mr. Caldwell is equal to an increment of carbonic acid in the atmosphere of one volume per 10,000.

Two years ago careful experiments were carried out with desire to ascertain to what extent bacteria frequented the House. The results were curious—on the whole satisfactory. For reasons which members familiar with its occupants may determine, the worst quarter of the House was, oddly enough, the bench immediately behind that on which his Majesty's Ministers sit. As the result of ten experiments made with infinite care, it was demonstrated that here bacteria revelled in proportion of 87 per cent., while the corresponding bench on the opposite side revealed the presence of only 65 per cent. of undesirable visitors. On the back bench on the Government side the record ran as low as 57 per cent. Compared, as was done in the Select Committee's Report, with such representative congregations of innocents as gather in the town schools of Aberdeen and Dundee, where mechanical ventilation is in use, this incursion of microbes in the quarter whence Mr. Gibson Bowles cross-examines Ministers was exceptionally high. The organisms were different in form. Happily, in no case was discovery made of the presence of any recognised as the cause of specific infectious diseases in man.

The unique privileges of members of the House of Commons in respect of ventilation are secured by elaborate and costly machinery.

When, after the destruction of the Houses of Parliament by fire in 1834, the structure was rebuilt, special attention was devoted to the subject. Dr. Reid, the highest authority of the day, was entrusted with the care of this department. The process adopted by him was chiefly based on the use of gigantic fans, which drove fresh air into the chamber. While the supply of fresh air was an article of faith, the presence of a constant draught was a matter of fact. In this initial stage the main principle underlying the ventilation of the chamber of to-day was adopted. Air was driven into the chamber through the grating of the floor. Members, ever complaining, protested, with some reason, that while by this primitive process they were chilled in winter and scorched in summer, such air as was provided was served up strongly impregnated with pounded grit and road metal. A tradition lingers round this epoch, showing how a long-suffering member secretly provided himself with a piece of paper freshly gummed. This, in the presence of sympathetic witnesses, he attached to one of the seats. On examination at the close of the sitting the paper was found to be covered with particles of fine dust projected by the ventilating apparatus. This was conclusive, and Dr. Reid and his system disappeared from Westminster.

After brief interval he was succeeded by Sir Goldsworthy Gurney, who, doing away with the primitive fans, adopted the principle familiar in collieries of a furnace at the base of an upcast. Dr. Percy, following Sir Goldsworthy in care of the ventilating apparatus, maintained this principle, and with one or two improvements it is in practice at this day.

The machinery is subterraneous. There are many more vaults betwixt the foundations of the Houses of Parliament and the floor of the House of Commons than is dreamt of in the philosophy of hon. members. Under the Octagon Hall of the Palace of Westminster lurks a vault whence the supply of air for the debating chamber is drawn. Through doors and windows the balmy breeze of the Thames is drawn into this chamber.

This arrangement is accountable for an episode, threatening at the outset, farcical in the conclusion, that marked the reign of Mr. David Plunket (now Lord Rathmore) at the Board of Works. One sultry summer night, the House being exceptionally crowded in anticipation of a division, his private room was stormed by a mob of alarmed and angry members. Even as the door opened to admit them the First Commissioner was conscious of a

pestilential smell. This evidence confirmed their complaint that the corridors, the reading-room, the dining-room, and, to a modified extent, the lobby were permeated by malodour. The conclusion was obvious. Something had gone wrong with the drains, and the health of honourable and right hon. members was in instant peril.

Mr. Plunket hastily summoned to consultation the chief engineers and the heads of his staff. Hurried examination was made of the sanitary apparatus, without detecting a flaw. Even as the anxious work went forward the plague abated. The normal condition of the sedulously purified atmosphere was steadily, with increased rapidity, reasserting itself. The harried First Commissioner, going on to the Terrace with intent to cool his heated brow, came upon the heart of the mystery. Just passing the end of the Terrace, slowly making its way with the tide up the river, was a stately barge, with high deckload of fresh manure meant for riverside gardens. Drifting at slow pace by the Terrace of the House of Commons, the evening breeze, blowing off the heap, had filled the ventilating bins with delectable air. Hence the scare.

The progress of the indraw is intercepted by a broad expanse of falling water, through which the air must pass, leaving behind it possible particles of undesirable dust. Inside the chamber are a couple of shafts worked by a large pair of wheels, which drive the air into what looks like a colossal corn bin. This is a chamber eight feet high extending the full breadth of the vault, a distance of thirteen feet. Inside this bin is a movable close-fitting shutter, which travels backwards and forwards. As it is pushed forward the air in the bin, having no other means of escape, passes upward through a funnel into another chamber prepared for its reception. The closely fitting shutter advancing leaves a vacuum behind, into which the outer air comes rushing, in time to find itself driven upwards by return of the relentless shutter.

Thus through the long night, while tongues wag above, the almost silent shutter moves backward and forward, crushing the newly come air out of the bin, only to find that a fresh supply has entered on the other side, making constant discovery that if the bin is to be emptied there is yet another journey to make.

The air thus dexterously trapped breathes itself out from the upper bin into a gallery, along which it courses till it finds itself under the legislative chamber. Thirty feet above the lights of the

House shine, twinkling through the close iron grating of the floor. It is so silent down there that one can distinctly hear the voice of the hon. member addressing the Chair. Climbing a series of steep iron ladders the explorer comes upon a succession of gratings on which stand blocks of ice. Coursing round these the ambient air cools itself before entering the House through the grating which serves as flooring, so cunningly hidden by twine matting that probably half the members of the House are not aware of its existence.

The blocks of ice are for summer-time. In wintry weather the air is comfortably heated before it enters the chamber. When the fog lies low over London the outer air passes through layers of cotton wool six inches thick. The appearance of the cotton wool after a few hours fog is a painful object-lesson for citizens. There was a memorable occasion when the fog prevailed unintermittedly for forty-eight hours, with the result that the cotton wool was as black as the back of a chimney. I have groped my way down to the House through a dense fog, and, entering the legislative chamber, have found it absolutely free from mist, the atmosphere in normal condition. That is the ultimate triumph of the patient, cultured care that watches over the lungs of the House of Commons.

By this elaborate process does fresh air get into the legislative chamber in unbroken supply. How the vitiated atmosphere, occasionally tainted with strong language, escapes is a simpler process. By the marge of the ceiling are panels opening upon a space left between it and the roof. The air, rarefied by use, ascends as the sparks fly upward, escapes by these open panels, is conducted by flues to the basement, and delivered in a gallery ending in a shaft opening up in the clock tower, a height of 230 feet. On the basement a great fire brightly burns on open hearth. Drawing to it the inrushing air, it drives it up the shaft and so into the infinitude of spacious London.

A RUSSIAN NAPOLEON.

THE military value of the Russian soldier still remains an unknown quantity. That he is great where endurance is required is conceded on all hands. The protracted defence of Port Arthur proves it, were proof needed. All the conditions of his life, all his habits of mind, fit him for it. But can he attack? Our own experience at Inkermann, where he had the advantage of a surprise and enormous superiority in numbers, suggests a negative. The terrible struggle at Plevna may be said to show the same conclusion. He attacked, it is true, and he endured. But something was wanting, and yet he had a great leader in Skobelev. Of the campaign of Kuropatkin, supposed to be Skobelev's ablest disciple, we do not yet know enough to form a conclusion; but the presumption seems adverse. It may be instructive to go back something more than a century and recall the story of Suvóroff. When the eighteenth century was drawing to a close his name was in everyone's mouth. The Italian campaign of 1799 had taken the world by surprise, almost as much as Hannibal had done when he swooped down from the Alps and well-nigh brought the power of Rome to the dust. Now he is almost forgotten. The last edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' makes no mention of his name, though in the edition of 1804 it is the subject of a long and interesting article. But he was a great personality, and it will be worth while, now that we are all watching the fortunes of the country which he served, to give some account of his career. I have called him 'A Russian Napoleon.' It is impossible not to feel a certain regret that he never met on the field the great Corsican himself. The two were singularly alike in the character of their strategy. A conflict between them would have been a battle of Titans. But Napoleon was away in Egypt, and Suvóroff had to be content with routing the great commander's ablest lieutenants.

Suvóroff, like not a few other great Russians, was not of pure Russian descent. The first of the name we hear of was one Suvor, a Swede, who crossed the Baltic with his family in 1622. Suvor becomes Suvóroff, and the Suvóroffs soon began to take their place. When the great soldier made his appearance (November 24,

1729) upon the scene, his father was a general and an ex-Senator, living on the family estate of Rojdestveno, near Moscow. Young Suvóroff was small and weakly, and his father relinquished all ideas of a military career for the boy. But the boy himself had other views, and an old comrade-in-arms of his father insisted on the lad being allowed to follow his bent. A great student, he studied the campaigns of his heroes, Cæsar and Charles of Sweden. Certain it is that the Russian combined in a marvellous degree the dashing tactics of the Swede and the rapid strategy of the Roman.

Alexander, or 'Sasha,' entered the army at the age of seventeen. Nominally he had been on the strength since the age of twelve, but was soldiering at home. He received a commission in 1754, and we find him a lieutenant-colonel in 1757. He was commandant at Memel in the second year of the Seven Years' War, but begged hard to be transferred to more active service. At Kunersdorf and Reichenbach he at once distinguished himself for his dash, and throughout the rest of the campaign his rapid marching and daring reconnaissances marked him out as a leader of men and a great strategist.

Years of peace followed, uneventful but for one or two characteristic anecdotes that have come down to us. Passing a monastery one day, the whim seized him to attack it. The troops formed into column, advanced at the double, and stormed the place, to the confusion of the inmates. The Superior complained. 'Never mind Suvóroff,' said Catherine; 'I understand him.' There was something like madness in the act, but it was the madness of genius. The man lived for his work, and he could not help practising it himself, and knew practice was essential to the men who were, so to speak, his tools.

The first Polish War now followed, and the military genius and personal eccentricities of Suvóroff came permanently to the fore. Day and night were alike to him; he was always on the offensive, and could command the most protracted feats of endurance from his infantry. They, for their part, worshipped 'Father Suvóroff.' All Suvóroff's marches were forced; this was the chief feature of his strategy; but there can be no doubt that it also expressed the man's natural impatience. He spared no one, least of all himself. He rose when on the march, as he did at home, before daybreak. Such energy explains much, for he had always the start of his enemies, and his army had perforce to act with him. But he learnt how to save his men. Marching twenty versts, he would

rest half an hour ; another ten, then rest again ; and so on, halving the subsequent marches with shorter or longer intervals as the case required.

He marched from Minsk to Prague in twelve days, and, confidence restored in the capital, he hurried on to Litowski. From Litowski he pressed forward with half his force to find the Poles—quite a usual practice—and finding the enemy badly posted, he attacked them with sixty Lancers. Two large Russian commands were at hand, but he never asked for their help. In this campaign he marched 120 miles in four days on hearing of Prince Oginski's success in Lithuania, arriving at Slonim only to rest a couple of hours ; then, marching another thirty miles to Stalovitschi, fell upon the Poles at ten o'clock at night. The accidental discharge of a musket gave warning, but the surprise was demoralising enough, and in the morning a fresh force of Polish cavalry were not able to retrieve disaster.

Suvóroff had a firm belief in surprises. 'Well-conducted surprises,' wrote he, 'are generally successful.' The soldier, as he points out, suddenly roused, thinks more of safety than resistance. His great contemporary hit the nail on the head even harder when he said : 'Two o'clock in the morning courage is rare.' The guiding tactical principle of the Russian General was attack, always attack. His grasp of the situation—his *coup d'œil*—seems to have been instantaneous, and details passed into his mind and took their proper place in his plans without undergoing the process which most men find necessary. Hence his simplicity of plan and rapidity of attack. His impatience cost many lives, as at the assault on Cracow, but his assaults were seldom repulsed ; and in war the end always justifies the means. Suvóroff had marched against Oginski in flat disobedience to his superior's orders. 'The match to the gun, Suvóroff to the field !' he is reported to have said when forbidden to march. Weimarn promptly court-martialled him. An appeal to Catherine only resulted in Bibikoff, a personal friend of Suvóroff, succeeding Weimarn. It was necessary to appoint a chief who would act with this irrepressible subordinate.

When Suvóroff left Poland for the Turkish War he and his troops were firm believers in his lucky star. His appeals to his troops remind one of the great Corsican. 'Bravo, heroes !' he would say. 'Listen and remember : obedience, discipline, instruction, order, cleanliness, health, drill, courage, piety—glory, glory !'

We smile, because Suvóroff has been dead a century. Were he alive, we should realise that this 'ferocious fanatic,' as a Pole called him, could convey to his troops the spirit that wins battles.

But he could also, as he showed at Turtukay, and again at Kosludgi, plan and execute even a complicated attack. At Turtukay he employed columns of attack, supported by a reserve of one-third the total strength, and covered by skirmishers, thus beginning a new era, and anticipating Napoleon. At the second action of Turtukay, Suvóroff was so feeble from fever that he had to be supported by a soldier on either side, while an aide-de-camp repeated aloud his whispered commands. Even then his indomitable spirit enabled him to cross the Danube and see his commands followed up. From Turtukay he wrote announcing the victory to Soltikoff in his usual laconic style, and asking for the Second Class of the St. George. He had a weakness for orders, though he did not care to wear them. The Star of the Third Class of St. George pinned to his shirt—he had a way of fighting in his shirt-sleeves—commonly contented. But in his later days he loved to see the whole set laid out before him. This time there seems to have been some delay. He wrote again to Soltikoff. 'At any rate, shall I obtain the coveted reward? Do not forget me, dear sir. The race for laurels is uncertain; sometimes one breaks one's neck, like Weissmann. But even that is good, if with honour and usefulness.'

Suvóroff spent the winter of 1774 at Moscow, and there married the daughter of Prince Prozorovski. He had now more opportunities for enjoying rest and the rural life he was partial to. His home life was no less energetic than when on the march. He rose before the peasants were astir, and threw himself with the greatest zest into the management of the farm and the disposal of the produce. There were few idlers, sluggards, and drunkards, we take it, when Suvóroff was at home. He soused the drunkards with ice-cold water, crowed like a cock to awaken the sluggards—as he himself has told us—and shamed the slothful by his energy, all the more notable in that feeble frame. He was fond of company, and even his enemies admitted his claim to manners. But he was a terrible practical joker, and his evening amusements, leaping over chairs and crowing like a cock, must have made him a perfect terror to his conventional guests. His marriage does not seem to have been a happy one; so restless a creature could scarcely have made any woman happy. He

deliberately gave up all domestic life—inaction was intolerable to him—and practically separated from his wife. But he was fond of his children, and the story is told that on a long journey he went out of his way to visit Moscow, beheld his children asleep for an instant or two, blessed them, and withdrew.

He was stationed in the Dnieper district when the Empress Catherine made that famous progress through her dominions, to inspect, among other things, the prosperous villages on the Dnieper, which Potemkin, Viceroy and favourite, had constructed to make on his Sovereign the impression of solid improvement. Catherine, after reviewing Suvóroff's division, and scattering rewards broadcast, asked him if he required anything. 'Well, mother, pay the hire of my lodgings.' And Catherine, hastening to remove this stigma, may well have been disgusted when he put it at three and a half roubles. It was a palpable thrust at Potemkin and the unworthy crowd who drained the Imperial coffers. He made no attempt to conceal his scorn of the courtiers, and lashed them unmercifully with that bitter sarcastic tongue. The slight, active figure and fierce blue eyes made many a rascal tremble in his shoes.

The second Turkish War (1788) not only brought Suvóroff to world-wide fame, but is remarkable for some of the most bloody and stubbornly contested battles of the eighteenth century. And it exhibited in a striking manner the characteristics of Suvóroff's tactics, the quickness with which he mastered a situation, and the fatal certainty with which he detected a weak point. He had only one superior in this respect, the great Napoleon himself. We are told that, on the eve of Austerlitz, the Emperor trembled with delight and clapped his hands when the Austrians and Russians moved most of their centre and reserves to the left, thus fatally weakening both centre and right wing. Cromwell's feelings of satisfaction at Dunbar, when Leslie forsook his strong position, took a more pious but equally positive form. Suvóroff's remarks on similar occasions have not been preserved, but we may rest assured that they did not lack point or confidence.

One of his great tactical gifts was his adaptation of different methods of attack to different foes. His attack formation against the Turk was generally two lines of squares alternately spaced as on a chess-board, with a third line of cavalry. Rumiantsoff appears to have discovered this in a former campaign, though it is quite possible that both learnt it from the Austrians. The Turkish

infantry were staunch fighters, and an attacking force had to be ready at a moment's notice to receive a furious charge from the Janissaries, a magnificent corps, soon, alas! to vanish from the Turkish army. With other enemies it was a different matter. 'There are the God-forgetting, windy, light-headed Frenchmen,' he wrote once. 'If it should ever happen to us to march against them, we must beat them in columns.'

Once, when the Turks moved to attack *him* in column, he burst into derisive laughter; but he was seldom attacked, as he was always on the offensive. He was a great advocate of the bayonet. 'Push hard with the bayonet. The ball may lose its way, the bayonet never. The ball is a fool; the bayonet is a hero.' The verse

The bullet is a hag,
The bayonet is a hero,

was ever in his mouth. Again, 'Off with the Turk from your bayonet; even the dead man may scratch you with his sabre. Stab another! A third! A hero will stab half a dozen!'

'Attack instantly with whatever arrives!' was his advice. 'With what God sends! The cavalry instantly fall to work—hack and slash!—stab and drive! Don't give them a moment's rest.' Fifty men and the colours were enough—he actually charged with this number in Poland—and half a battalion and the colours were always sufficient to begin with, even if he had a whole army against him. This rashness sometimes led him to the brink of disaster.

Suvóroff had the greatest contempt for Austrian methods and slowness. 'I know the Austrians,' said he; 'a whole day spent in deliberation, and an opportunity lost for ever.' He was to know them even better in the Italian campaign.

Let us now take a look at this hero, whose fame was ringing in everybody's ears. An Austrian account of this 'Hammer of the Turks' tells us that he was so crippled with wounds as to be unable to carry his sword, which was borne by a Cossack walking behind. His figure was slight, and he stooped—he was only 5 feet 4 inches—but was nevertheless quite healthy and very hardy, a great horseman, and possessed of extraordinary agility. Before the battle of the Rymnik, which gave him one of his titles, he climbed a tree to inspect the enemy's position. 'I shall wash, say my prayers, and when I crow like a cock, begin the advance,' were his orders to the Staff on the eve of the battle. His face was

much wrinkled; and as he possessed considerable command over the facial muscles, and had blue eyes, quick and piercing, his must have been a most expressive physiognomy. His manner of life was of the simplest and most Spartan. His bed was a bundle of straw covered with a sheet and pillow. He rose at four, and buckets of ice-cold water were dashed over him. This was a man of sixty. He ate sparingly at his six o'clock breakfast. Dinner, which seems to have been his last meal for the day, came at nine, and consisted of meat and vegetables of the plainest. Glasses of brandy were handed round at the finish. But he never forgot himself or his *régime*. A Cossack stood at his elbow, and nudged him if he appeared to exceed a proper allowance of food or drink, or even conversation.

'By whose orders?' he would say to the man.

'Suvóroff's.'

'Ah, well, he must be obeyed.'

He was a good linguist, and his caustic sarcasms, his abrupt staccato speech, must have made him excellent company. He carried neither watch nor money during the last twenty years of his life, and his dress was of the simplest. As long as he had his cavalry boots and his shirt he was sufficiently clothed, except when the weather compelled him to wear an old cloak.

He has been accused of inhumanity, and no man can vindicate Suvóroff better than the man himself. Writing to Müller, who had been commissioned to paint his portrait, he says: 'I must tell you that I have shed rivers of blood. I tremble, but I love my neighbour. In my whole life I have made no one unhappy; not an insect hath perished by my hand.' And if he was compassionate, he could also be chivalrous. In the first Polish War he refused to receive the sword of a French officer. 'I cannot accept,' he said, 'the sword of the subject of an ally of my Sovereign.' And when Pulawski, striving to bar his return to Lublin, by holding Zamosc, had failed in his effort, Suvóroff was so pleased with the Pole's skilful retreat, that he sent him a porcelain snuff-box. Snuff-boxes were then the common currency of courteous exchanges. Snuff, indeed, was one of Suvóroff's weaknesses; and he was very particular as to its quality. He seems to have had a curious fancy about the box. 'Be sure and see,' he wrote to his steward, 'that the boxes have a gilt ass's head inside.' Probably this was a trade-mark, or was it a joke against himself?

The Empress Catherine died in 1796, to Suvóroff's sincere grief.

'Oh, Mother Empress,' he cried, 'I owe everything to you.' With the accession of Paul a shadow crossed the Field-Marshal's path. He was ordered to return to Moscow, and from thence to his estate.

'How much time have I?' inquired the Field-Marshal, on hearing the order.

'Four hours,' said the emissary.

'Four hours!' he said derisively; 'I have beaten Poles and Turks in less time than that.'

He was at liberty now to resume the farm life at Kamchansk, that round of neighbourly interests which he had found time to sandwich between his campaigns against Turks and Tartars. He interested himself in everything, played with the children, gossiped with the old women, posed as a match-maker, sold his ducks and geese, rang the church bells, and sang in the choir. He set a good example to his class and to his workpeople alike. Besides his other estates, he was now possessed of one situated in the neighbourhood of his first success in the late—the second Polish—war, carrying with it 7,000 serfs. An old *moujik* alive in 1870 could remember playing as a child in front of the Field-Marshal's house. This was the slayer of unarmed men, of women and children!

To many, perhaps even to Suvóroff himself, his career seemed over, but its most brilliant chapter was yet to come. The schemes of Bonaparte threatened all Europe. Russia, England, and Turkey formed a coalition in 1798, and Austria perforce joined it. England suggested Suvóroff to Paul as leader of the Allies in Italy. The Czar, much gratified at the compliment, and not blind, we take it, to the European estimate of Suvóroff's abilities it conveyed, at once recalled the Field-Marshal. Suvóroff's delight was unbounded, and the simplicity of his departure is not unworthy to be compared with that of the old Roman who walked straight from the plough to take command in his country's need. His instructions have been preserved. 'One hour for packing—then away. Three to accompany me. Get ready eighteen horses, and take 250 roubles for the road. Send Yuri over to the village bailiff, and ask him for the loan of that sum. I'm not joking.' No less characteristic of the man was his last allusion to the change in occupation. 'So, having sung bass as sacristan, I am now going to perform as Mars.'

His arrival in the capital was, as we can easily believe, a triumph. Prompt as ever, independent, he spoke his mind as freely to potentates as to peasants, and did not forget the courtiers, as a characteristic anecdote proves. Some flatterer, anxious to worship

the rising sun, bowed to him one day in the palace. Suvóroff, turning to a marble statue, promptly made obeisance to it. 'No knowing,' he remarked in explanation, 'what that may not become some day.'

The Austrians, of course, wished to conduct the campaign from Vienna, and the Emperor asked him if he had any plans. 'I have no plans,' said Suvóroff. The Emperor was shocked. 'And if I had, Sire, I should not tell you. The Aulic Council would know to-morrow, and the enemy the day after.' His arrival in Italy threw confidence into Russian and Austrian alike. The tide, already setting to victory under the Archduke Charles, gathered strength with the coming of this Nestor of the Field. At Verona the people drew his carriage into the town. All ornaments had been removed from his quarters, and his bed of *hay* was ready, (we are in Italy now); and his officers, and the enemy, too, knew the master mind once more. His Staff tried to ascertain his plans, but he would only mutter 'Bayonets, bayonets' to all inquiries.

Now began a campaign which startled Europe, and roused even the English to enthusiasm. Napoleon's strategy in 1796 had been rapid; but the old Russian Field-Marshal, more than twice the young Corsican's age, moved even quicker. He began by beating Moreau—Moreau, the ablest of Napoleon's contemporaries. The French occupied an excellent position some little distance from the right bank of the Adda and on the road to Milan. Suvóroff sent a small force across over-night, which took up its position at Brivio, on Moreau's extreme left. At five in the morning the real attack crossed the river, unknown to the enemy, somewhat nearer to Moreau's centre, at Trezzo, where a French division under Serrurier was posted. Serrurier was driven down towards Brivio. Meanwhile Moreau had despatched Victor and Grenier along the road to Brivio, and these squadrons found themselves suddenly in front of Suvóroff's advance. For a time, joining hands with Serrurier, they drove back the Austro-Russian right. But the Grenadiers and the choicest cavalry of the Allies—the Austrian Hussars, led by Chasteler—rolled back the French advance; and the Cossacks, charging with *la lance basse*, as it is put significantly, completed the victory. The bridge at Cassano, to the front of Moreau's right, was defended by a canal and artillery; and the Allies, storming this position, drove the French across the river with such speed that they were unable to destroy the bridge. Moreau's right and

the road to Milan were threatened, and his left having already been pierced, he retreated with his usual skill to Milan. It was a very pretty fight, though it is said Moreau was badly served by his scouts, and ought never to have allowed the river to be crossed. Vendôme had held the same position successfully against Prince Eugène in 1705, with a very similar proportion of forces.

But it was not Suvóroff's custom to apprise the enemy of his movements. Chasteler had suggested a reconnaissance the day before, much to the old General's disgust. 'Reconnaissance!' he cried. 'No! Reconnaissances are for poltroons who desire to give the enemy notice of their approach. One can always find the enemy if one wants to. Columns, bayonets, cold steel, attacks—these are my reconnaissances.' 'The French fight in column,' said he; 'we will attack them in column.' It was his forty-first victory, but his first over the French. He should not have permitted Moreau to make good his retreat, it is said; but Suvóroff was already hampered by the Viennese Cabinet and its commands to hold certain towns. The battle on the Adda was succeeded by the more decisive victory over Macdonald at the Trebbia.

'I am off to the Trebbia to beat Macdonald,' he wrote to a colleague. 'Make haste with your siege of the Turin citadel, or I shall sing *Te Deum* before you.'

The march to the Trebbia presents us with one of the most extraordinary of campaign pictures. The advance of the Allies under Ott was attempting to hold Macdonald in check, but was being driven back, Ott making what stand he could, and the race to Ott's assistance gives us a vivid and characteristic glimpse of the figure of the famous Russian and the stamp of infantry he led. The pace was tremendous. Suvóroff rode from front to rear, and back again, encouraging the men, chatting with them, and then, riding ahead, would conceal himself for a space. Suddenly the quaint figure with the shabby cloak over the shirt would dash out and ride at full speed towards the column, to be received with cheers by his dusty soldiers. One and all knew what they were marching for—the relief of the much-tried Ott. The march became a run and the stragglers more numerous, and just as Ott was once more giving way before the French cavalry the head of the column came up. A momentary halt followed, and then Suvóroff, as he ever did, flew to the attack. Bagration protested, and well he might; for miles the road was littered with stragglers.

'There are not forty men in a company!' he exclaimed.

‘Forward! forward!’ cried Suvóroff. ‘Advance, in God’s name! Macdonald has not twenty.’

We see the man at his best here. Two days later he drove the French back with heavy losses. But his behaviour at the last great battle throws an extraordinary sidelight on the man. He slept, or assumed sleep, during a most critical period of the fight. Moreover, his right attacked three hours before the centre, and eight hours before the left! Then, it is true, he awoke indeed, and inflicted a terrible defeat on the French. To hurl yourself piecemeal at the enemy bewilders him, but also gives him opportunities. It was a costly whim, and argues almost incredible self-confidence.

Having beaten Moreau at the Adda, Macdonald on the Trebbia (the last stage of the Trebbia struggle was fought on the anniversary of a former victory of Suvóroff; it was also June 18), and Joubert at Novi, Suvóroff after some delay started on the most astonishing phase of this campaign, the march into Switzerland. His design was to unite with Korsakoff, and drive the French out of Switzerland. He proposed to enter by the St. Gothard, and join Linken at Schwytz. The conception was vitiated by an original strategical blunder; but it was a magnificent example of fortitude and daring, of courage and resource. Neither he nor his Chief of Staff, provided for him by the Austrians, was aware of the fact that his route, dwindling to a bridle-path at Taverna, ceased altogether at Waltdorf.

From Tortona to Bellinzona, through Giornico, Faido, Airolo, he reached the heights of Andermatt; Rosenberg, with the right wing, traversing the Luckmanier Pass. Then followed a fierce struggle as far as Wasen, the Russians advancing along the edge of precipices, over bridges, and through tunnels swept by grape. Suvóroff’s impatience led him to storm ahead before his flanking movements became effective. A delay of some days had occurred at Taverna, and allowed the enemy to close in upon them. At Waltdorf he discovered the nature of his path and learnt the disastrous defeat of Korsakoff at Zürich. He could have reached the valley of the Linth by the Schachenthal, and so joined hands with the Austrians; for the matter of that, he might have entered Switzerland by the Splügen Pass; but go to Schwytz he would, and he climbed the Kinzig Pass and entered the Muotta, to find Linken had already retreated to the Grisons. For this action of Linken there can be little defence; a little more resolution, a few

more hours, and the two would have joined hands. The Austrians were retiring from the valley as the Russians were actually crossing the Rosstock !

A council of war was called. The Field-Marshal was in an agitated frame of mind, and previously had been heard muttering to himself : 'Parades, inspection, self-esteem ! All very well in their way, but something more is wanted—military knowledge, topography, calculation, judgment, tactics ; easy to get beaten, thousands destroyed, and such ones in a single day,' till the intrepid Bagration fled from his presence. Now, blazing with his numerous orders, he addressed the Generals assembled, and after a furious invective on the Austrians made clear to them the trap they were in. Lecourbe was in the rear, Masséna approaching Schwytz, Molitor guarding Glarus. Then, bursting into tears, he flung himself at the feet of the Czar's son, who had marched throughout with the troops. 'Save your Prince !' he cried. They raised him to his feet. We need not let this scene detract from our appreciation of Suvóroff. The old man's resolution was unshaken. He proposed an advance on Glarus and the Wallenstadt. 'We cannot retreat, and I was never beaten. We are Russians' ; and cheers greeted the sentiment and the courageous declaration.

Then began the famous march to the Rhine. Bagration took the rear and Rósenberg the advance. Never before and never since have the Russians had such infantry ; they had the confidence begotten of an unbeaten career. They threw the French out of the Klon Valley—Suvóroff's bridge still exists, we believe—and drove Molitor back to Mollis. Massena, attacking Rosenberg in the rear, was driven back to Schwytz. Suvóroff reached Glarus, to be rejoined by Rosenberg. Then by the Sernfthal to Elm, where the troops rested—Bagration the while fighting grimly, to give his master time—Suvóroff made the ascent of the Pannixer Pass. The next day he reached Ilantz, on the Rhine, where 15,000 out of 20,000 Russians answered the roll-call. Linken had been told to amass supplies at Coire, as Suvóroff's ammunition was exhausted. But we may be sure the old Russian's vocabulary had resources enough when he met the Austrian. Suvóroff had reached Taverna on September 15 and the Muotta on the 29th, to find himself in a veritable trap. He crossed the Pannixer on October 7, having accomplished a feat that astonished his enemies, defied the elements, set the laws of strategy at defiance, and retrieved an apparently irremediable blunder. The man was never greater than

when leading his toil-worn infantry along paths where one man at a time made his way with difficulty. His troops grumbled in a mild way.

'Our old man has taken leave of his senses,' they murmured. 'God only knows where he is marching us to now.' And 'Father Suvóroff' would say aloud to his officers, 'See how they praise me'; and the simple fellows would cheer him again. If absolute command over the mind and heart of the soldier must rank as the *sine quâ non* of a really great General, Suvóroff must be reckoned second to none.

His fame was in everybody's mouth, and in no country did it stand higher than in England. The magnificent resolution of the old veteran in extricating his army from a hopeless position appealed to the 'bull-dog' in us.

But Suvóroff himself was for the nonce in a very bitter frame of mind. No one realised better the strategical error he had committed. His self-esteem was wounded, and his resentment against the Austrians spiteful. In vain the Archduke Charles appealed to him; the Field-Marshal declared his troops were worn out, and refused to move; and finally cantoned them between the Iller and the Lech. This was on November 6, and Paul, disgusted at his losses in the war, withdrew from the coalition. Honours and orders were showered upon Suvóroff. He was the Italic Prince now, and Paul in a letter declared him the equal of any General living or dead, and created him Generalissimo of Russia. It is pleasant to think that Suvóroff had quite recovered from the hardships of the Swiss campaign, for both at Augsburg and Prague he was the lion of the season and took part in many gaieties.

Nelson and Suvóroff exchanged portraits about this time, and the Russian found a by no means imaginary likeness between them. There is a similarity in the contour of the much-lined, alert faces; both have the same keen, resolute expression; and in both the physical man has suffered much at the hands of the indomitable spirit. It was an Englishman who besought Suvóroff to throw some light on his own personality, lest, as his interlocutor said, he should go down to posterity an enigma.

'Do not puzzle your brains over it,' said the great Russian somewhat disdainfully. 'I will explain myself. Monarchs praised me; friends admired and foes slandered me. It was natural, then, for courtiers to mock me. For my country's good I spoke the truth, and crowed like a cock to awaken the drowsy.'

Possibly he is an enigma still.

Suvóroff accompanied the army to Cracow. At Kobrin, however, a low fever seized him, and he was compelled to stop. His physicians could not persuade the old man to wear any thicker clothing, and in spite of his weakness he insisted on keeping the Lenten fast. He recovered and continued his journey to St. Petersburg. But he was now in disgrace again for having, during his last campaign, appointed a 'General of the day'; a serious abrogation, one must suppose, of the Imperial authority. There can be no doubt that Suvóroff felt this ingratitude keenly. He was very ill when he reached the capital on May 1. Paul sent Bagration to inquire after him, and Rostopchin brought him the Order of St. Lazarus from Louis XVIII., then at Mittau.

'Mittau! Mittau!' murmured the old General. 'The King of France should be at Paris.'

The old warrior, having received the last rites of the Church, passed away on May 18. A vast concourse attended the funeral procession down the Newski Prospect to the monastery of St. Alexander Newski. At the portal of the monastery the hearse halted, for it seemed too tall to go under the arch. But a voice cried: 'He'll go through; he went through everywhere!'

MAURISE CHURCH.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN.

ONCE again I behold the blue hills of beautiful Jamaica. Is it any wonder that I feel strangely as I see them? My mind flies so swiftly back to the thirty odd years ago, when, a child full of wonder and unsatisfied longings, I sailed these blue waters, first saw these lovely shores. How keenly, vividly do all the circumstances recur which I have recorded in 'The Log of a Sea Waif.' But most clearly I remember, as emphasising the whirligig of fortune, the changes of a few brief years, my lying bound upon the schooner's deck, hidden to pray, as I was about to be drowned as a sacrifice to the ignorant superstitions of that brutal gang of barbarous men; and now, to revisit the scene of so much suffering under the very pleasantest conditions, able to enjoy to the full all the varied beauties of the sea and shore, seemed almost too great a change to be really true. The morning was delightful, with that splendid freshness only felt on tropical shores near dawn, but I regret to say there were few on deck to share the joy with me. It really is a very great mistake, which is continually made by voyagers in search of pleasure, especially ladies, that they do not seem able to tear themselves from their beds until the first bloom is off the day; and the loss is much greater when, as at this time, the ship is coasting along such a beautiful shore.

Presently the low-lying spit upon which famous or infamous old Port Royal stands, known as the Palisades, is seen stretching out like an attenuated arm into the sea, its extremity pointing out to the first group of coral islets and reefs we have seen this voyage. We steer almost directly for the point, and soon discern the pilot awaiting us in a canoe, as used to be the case thirty years ago—no change here; and the men who handled that canoe were just as clumsy as usual. One would think that long practice would have made them expert at coming alongside of a ship, especially one moving as slowly as the *Tagus* is now. But no, before they are able to tranship their pilot to us our jolly captain's patience is sorely tried, and he calls sharply from the bridge: 'Are you going

to keep the ship here all day ?' That, however, is but the beginning of his annoyance, for upon reaching the end of the spit upon which Port Royal stands the ship is stopped, and lies for nearly half an hour awaiting the coming of the health officer, customs officials, etc., who all seem to be quite unaware of the fact that by their dilatoriness they are keeping his Majesty's mails and his Majesty's lieges from England waiting an unconscionable time.

Now while I sympathise fully with the captain's most justifiable impatience, I feel a secret delight in being able to have a thorough survey of this most interesting spot, where over thirty years ago I used to come out at night from Kingston and fish with friendly negroes. I recall, too, the stories I was then told of the buried town of Port Royal, and the belfry of the submerged cathedral, which, so the legend says, reverberates during hurricanes with the clangour of its bells swinging far beneath the sea. Of all this blood-stained history of Port Royal, its shelter to the buccaneers and pirates, its horrible licence and curious law, at such a time as this, and under such circumstances, one can do little more than catch occasional mental glimpses. The gory old days, with their splendid halo of romance, are clean gone, and in their place remain to my Philistine and bourgeois satisfaction the trim, clean, and punctual steamship, with her crowd of eager, curious tourists and her comforts so nearly approximating to those of a well-appointed hotel ashore. I cannot help feeling like this ; perhaps it is the effect of middle age, but having experienced some of the miseries of the romantic life of the sea, the glamour of that time long past is discounted, and beneath it I see poor human flesh groaning and travailing under its awful burden. No wonder men dared and did so much when life was a possession hardly worth the keeping, when death meant, at any rate, surcease from known woes, release from unnameable tortures, and the future, dark, unknown, and dreadful, promised at least a change from the intolerable agonies of the present.

Hurrah, we are free to depart for Kingston. The engine-room bell clangs viciously as if the officer of the watch had been able to impress it with his strong sentiments. Obedient, the good ship swings round the point and speeds towards the city of Kingston—a place of so many vicissitudes of fortune.

As we steam slowly along the sea-front of the city, with its bright-looking houses embowered in tropical vegetation, it looks

a very pleasant and picturesque place, but awakens no memories in my mind. It has changed so much in thirty years. I note with great satisfaction how well, solidly, and neatly the wharves are built and kept, and mentally contrast them with the ramshackle piles of lumber which do duty for wharves in the mighty city of New York. It is one of the mysterious anomalies which Americans seem to delight in, this of having side by side public works and buildings of equal importance, one set of which will seem built for eternity, and the other apparently ready to fall to pieces at a touch. It lends an air of instability and want of permanence to some of America's greatest cities. There has not been a single port out here which I have visited, not even those on the Spanish Main—such as Limon, Savanilla, La Guayra, or Colon, where the ship lies at a wharf—where her wharfage has not been incomparably superior to that given to ships of four times the tonnage in New York; and I am sure I cannot tell why.

Our big ship comes gently, certainly, into her berth, with hardly a sound heard except the occasional clang of the engine-room bell and the shrilling of the boatswain's pipe at intervals. Without delay she is moored, and a gangway laid so that whosoever will may walk ashore; and here I felt my first desire to complain. For ladies in summer dresses and gentlemen in light clothing to have to run the gauntlet of a host of coal-carrying or cargo-handling negroes, in an atmosphere of coal-dust, and amid all the varying unpleasant odours of a tropical cargo warehouse, is annoying, to say the least of it, especially after the extreme cleanliness of the ship; and if there be any wind blowing the place where the cabs stand in the company's yard, and where passengers must needs board them, is a place of horror, for clouds of coal-dust, sweltering heat, noise, and smells. Worse still, although I would not say it is always the case, the wharf on sailing days, for a hundred feet from the gangway, is thronged, packed with negroes of both sexes, clean and unclean, through which crowd it is necessary to bore one's way, subjected to ribald remarks in volleys, and in absolute danger of personal violence from lewd negroes of the baser sort. It was really the first time that I saw anything to complain of during the trip, but it was, and is, a very serious grievance, which is why I set it down here, for I feel sure that it has only to be known to the heads of the company to be promptly remedied. They will, at any rate, be assured that I have not exaggerated in the least.

Here I landed at once, and with the majority of the passengers who were going on with the ship, drove out to the beautiful Constant Spring Hotel, about three miles distant from the town. Kingston itself was full of interest, but at that time of the day intensely hot and dusty, and crowded with busy traffic. In fact, its general air of bustle and activity gave us a most favourable impression of its prosperity, and the many fine shops, full of buyers, did much to deepen that impression; but the condition of the streets and sidewalks was very bad. It seemed as if the American custom of neglected thoroughfares had full hold of the municipal authorities, although I gladly admit that I saw no streets as bad as I have seen in Chicago, Boston, and New York, to place them in their order of demerit. There is also a very fine service of electric cars, run on the trolley or overhead wire principle, and the track, as well as the standards supporting the wires, was kept in English fashion—that is to say, incomparably better than I have ever seen in America. The speed at which the cars travel, however, is almost as great as it is in the United States—that is to say, about double what is allowed in England.

The ride up to Constant Spring is a charming one, and the crowds of negresses in spotless white, bearing burdens on their heads, with an easy swinging gait, are an interesting study, but they lead to a deepening of the impression that in these islands the women do most of the heavy labour. It is natural, I suppose, and without it the labour problem out here would become very acute, but it grates unpleasantly upon our senses as a kind of topsy-turvy idea—a remnant of savagery. And so along a wide, pleasant road, lined by houses large and small, standing in their own richly wooded grounds, and in many cases bounded by living fences of pillared cacti, we reach the lovely grounds of Constant Spring, and catch our first view of the fine tropical-looking building nestling at the foot of the hills, which stretch away upward, fold upon fold, until their richly clothed summits are lost in the rolling mists. Here, through a long trellised corridor, resplendent with the glorious flowers of the Bougainvillea, we emerge upon the front stoop of the hotel, commanding a beautiful view over the adjacent country. What a contrast everything presents to the dear sober tints of home! Under the white-hot sunshine the glaring colours glow again; they smite the eye with a sense of vividness never gained at home except under the artificial conditions and intense light of a well-managed pantomime. Indeed

I have repeatedly remarked to friends, upon coming out into the morning glow at Constant Spring, that it reminded me of a scene at Drury Lane, so brilliant and blazing were the colours. Oh, it is an intense land, and one that would appeal, must appeal, to the artist and philosopher equally, for it opens up new problems and pictures at every turn with unstinting hand.

I do not pretend to understand the situation out here at all, but I confess that it seems to me that something must be radically wrong with the management of an island like this when it is in financial difficulties. Everything the tropics can produce that we need in England, and are willing to pay for at remunerative rates, will grow here in abundance—coffee, cotton, cocoa, spice, dye-woods, to mention only a few of the highly valued products; while fruit, as we know well, is demanded from Jamaica in ever increasing volume. The labour problem is not present here as in Barbados. Under any intelligent system of cultivation and management the island would support many times its present population, yet I fear very much that it is gradually slipping back into a semi-barbarous condition. The system of peasant proprietorship, so valuable in most temperate countries, is fatal here to any development of great industries. If the black man can produce from his plot of land with machine-like regularity year by year sufficient for his family's simple needs, why should he seek to accumulate? He lives an ideal life—one that would appeal with great force, I suppose, to such a man as John Ruskin. Primitive, care-free, and picturesque, but bearing no relation to the pressing, breathless desires of modern Europe. And even while I write I feel that, after all, the black man who, with the minimum of labour and thought, produces an ample sufficiency for all his simple needs may be far happier—nay, most probably is happier—than a multimillionaire who, in his gorgeous Park Lane or Fifth Avenue mansion, sighs for a tin plate full of pork and beans, or some such coarse food, and the healthy appetite he used to bring to it. His dress clothes irk him, the velvet-footed flunkeys annoy him, he wants to be about in open-breasted shirt and pants, feeling the primitive joy of mastery over circumstances, only tasted by those who *do*. What, then, is a poor scribe to say with all the problems of twentieth-century existence confronting each other in his mind? The eternal 'what advantageth it?' will arise and rend him between duty and inclination. I confess that I have looked upon the 'nigger' proprietor taking his siesta outside his

cottage door, and mentally compared him with the Lancashire mill-hand, to the immense disadvantage of the latter. Within the space of a few fleeting years both will be dust, and who shall decide which of the twain has been of most service to his kind? I certainly shall not hesitate to decide which has been the happier, if personal happiness were the *summum bonum*. But between the senseless waste, the useless extravagance of modern society and primitive savagery there are infinite degrees, and it is exceedingly difficult to say where, in that vast interval, lies the golden mean. However, of one thing I feel assured, which is that the spread of small holdings in the British West Indies, under our mild paternal rule, means inevitably a return to primitive conditions and a gradual but certain falling off of trade; and in this opinion I am borne out by men on the spot, who have the very best means of judging.

Up here the traveller will feel, if he has not done so before, that his trip is a great success. There are exceptions, of course—poor wretches who have brought their cares with them, and still more unfortunate beings who go through life grumbling and scowling, apparently grieved more when there is naught to grumble at than when there is really ground for complaint. Such folks are a curse to themselves and everybody else, and it is hard to see why they ever come on a pleasure trip at all. But they do, worse luck, and often by their persistent fault-finding infect good-natured but weak-minded people to such an extent that the latter will follow, albeit at some distance, in their gloomy path. Often purely imaginary grievances have been formulated and exaggerated until some quite innocent man or set of men have been ruined, their life careers closed as far as concerned that particular occupation in which they were then employed. This outburst is entirely due to my remembering my first morning at Constant Spring. Rising as usual at 5.30, I went downstairs, got a cup of coffee, and took it out on the verandah. The sun rose in indescribable glory over a scene that made me think it comparable with Paradise. The light was so perfect, the air so sweet, the colours so lovely, the varied greens of foliage and turf alone affording a study in tints to make an artist despair. It was a time to make the heart swell and almost make the dumb to sing. But into the scene there came certain persons who, blind and deaf to its influences, began a conversation full of fault-finding, calumny, and bitterness. They spoil everything, like a stripe of mud across a bridal dress, and

I fled to recover my peace in the sumptuous swimming-bath, fed continually from the Constant Spring with cold, sparkling, fresh water, and large enough to afford a dozen people swimming and diving room at once. The extreme physical delight of a cool swim in the tropics, under shelter from the sun's burning rays, is something never to be forgotten, and—I hope I am not ungrateful to my beloved sea—it is enhanced by being in fresh water.

That morning swim set the keynote for the whole day, but really after breakfast I was like a book-lover turned loose in a huge library—I did not know where to begin the banquet of pleasures that lay before me. So for two hours I sat in a long chair on the verandah bathed in beauty, not caring to move or think, just to feel how good it was to be alive ; and a line or two of Longfellow's surged melodiously through my basking mind :

Oh gift of God, oh perfect day,
Whereon shall no man work, but play,
Wherein it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be.

Suddenly I started guiltily, being abruptly aroused by some of my more energetic shipmates, and bidden peremptorily to shake off such shameful sloth and come and see things. So I went, though I confess I had been well content to sit still, so sweet was the place of my sojourn. Boarding the tramcar at the hotel gate, we sped swiftly down to what is called the 'Halfway Tree,' where we changed cars and were carried to the Hope Botanical Gardens. Then I was glad I came ; for although Hope Garden has none of the conventional parterres or carpet gardening of similar places at home, it has a wild beauty entirely its own, and the sensation of walking amid trees and shrubs bearing products familiar before only in their prepared state was an entirely novel and delightful one to most of our party. There was a queer feeling of being at the source of things, of having skipped the intermediate stages of preparation and carriage between the English counter and the tropical tree, which I, for one, most thoroughly enjoyed, although my first experience of the kind goes back to 1869, when I first saw sugar-cane and cocoanuts growing in Demerara. Here we saw cocoa, coffee, spice of all kinds, cotton of all kinds, pepper, fruit of every imaginable kind that needs a tropical climate for its full development, and flowers—oh, I cannot begin to talk about the splendour of form and colour displayed by those floral miracles. But I must say a word about the Flamboyant tree. Imagine an

immense tree with spreading branches shading an area of, say, two thousand square feet, the dark green of its foliage almost concealed beneath a veritable mass of blazing crimson blossoms. They are so bright and pure in their intense colour that they strike upon the eye almost as does the sudden blast of a trumpet upon the ear. And all over the branches of other trees, themselves beautiful beyond the power of language to describe, climb parasitical plants such as orchids, climbing cacti, lianas, and so forth, each and all of which may only be reared with the greatest care in hot-houses at home. Pretty perky little lizards dart about, their bright beady eyes peering from among the green leaves inquisitively. Occasionally one may be seen motionless upon a leaf-stalk or a tree-trunk, except for a slow inflation and deflation of its neck-pouch. The colour of this curious appendage, in almost startling contrast to the vivid green of the lizard's body, was a pure purple—that exquisite tint obtained from the murex by the ancient Syrians, the imperial purple of the Roman emperors.

So beautiful and interesting was this place that although the sun poured down his fervent rays almost vertically upon us, and the sweat streamed from every pore, we found it hard to take the warnings of prudence and seek shade. Sit down we could not, for the ladies of the party had a strange horror of ants, and of these busy but aimless insects there were so many that it was impossible to glance at the ground anywhere without seeing them rushing about. Except for them, however, insect life did not appear more plentiful than at home, but that, I suppose, was owing to the fact that the ground was well cleared between the trees and shrubs. So we returned to the hotel, which, so quickly does the mind assimilate novel surroundings, seemed as if we had known it a long time—quite homelike, in fact. Luncheon was ready, and, for the tropics, fairly good, but—I really don't wish to grumble—the negro waiter is an infernal nuisance. The one who attended upon me was as perfectly hideous as one of Max Beerbohm's caricatures, but a good, amiable soul, as willing to please as those we are used to at home. But the rest! Without exception they behaved as if it was gall and wormwood to their haughty souls to have to wait upon the white person, insolence was in every look and gesture, and the only thing which seemed to afford them any satisfaction was to stand and contemplate their beauty in the mirrors made by darkened windows and such reflectors. I believe I am one of the most patient men alive, but

I admit that my blood got very hot as I saw elderly English ladies being scorned, really insulted, by these black fellows in a way unmistakably denoting that they were revenging themselves for the indignity of having to accept such service. White men doing the same work would have done it cheerfully and well. I have done waiters' work before now, and certainly felt no shame in it, and I see no reason why the occupation should not be as honourable as any other. But I am told that what I saw was so usual that people had grown to accept it as an unavoidable evil not to be cured but endured. What becomes, then, of the elevation of the negro? I am so sorry, but my experience is that except in rare cases—most beautiful exceptions, I gladly admit—the elevation of the negro is a myth. And this I say deliberately, well knowing what a storm of indignation I am raising.

During the great heat of the afternoon, no matter what the hurry may be, visitors to the tropics will be well advised to keep in the shade. There are many ills lying in wait for us denizens of colder climes who neglect such elementary precautions as this of keeping out of the sun when he is at his greatest strength. I am glad to say that all my shipmates were thus sensible, retiring to the cool shade of their own rooms and enjoying the siesta, so refreshing and necessary. Upon awakening, a cup of really good tea, and then another drive. There is no difficulty in finding a number of most interesting drives around Kingston, and if one has the time to penetrate the interior of the lovely island, he will certainly be surfeited with beauty.

Then came sudden night. Flaming billows of crimson flooded the sky, shot through and through with bars of other tints from deepest emerald to orange and amethyst; and then, while yet we gazed entranced upon the amazing spectacle, we became conscious that the sombre hills were fading from vision into the deepening violet behind them, a star or two peeped shyly out, the light of the day darkened—was gone; and all the host of heaven glowed forth in scintillating squadrons. No birds, as with us on summer evenings, heralded the coming rest-time with their sweet songs, but in their stead are to be heard the incessant shrill notes of the cicalas, or tree crickets, the melancholy voices of the frogs, and curious sounds made by extraordinary-looking beetles. What the scientific denomination of these latter may be I do not know, but few things have surprised me more than my first sudden acquaintance with one. I was standing in a garden at Caracas one

afternoon at about five o'clock, with a dear companion, when we were both startled by a long, piercing whistle, followed by some extraordinary combination of chords such as I should have thought could be produced only by a bird or a fiddle. We immediately began to scan the branches above for a bird, but we could see none except the ordinary perky little black starling of these regions, which is incapable of emitting any melody whatever. We were entirely at a loss to account for the sound, when my companion suddenly said: 'Why, there it is!' pointing at the same time to a grey moth-like beetle upon the trunk of a gigantic ceiba, or cotton-tree, just in front of us. Upon its back was a device curiously like a human face, and as it gave utterance to its wonderful notes, it just bent its body upwards and then straightened out again. I stared incredulously at the creature, wondering where in the world its voice came from, if it really could be the source of the almost deafening sounds we were hearing. Suddenly it became aware of me, and departed with a whirring of wings just like any ordinary beetle indulging in flight. I stared after it stupidly, as if I had just seen a ghost.

The smell of the night was heavy, luscious, entrancing, full of strange suggestions and reminiscences, but I remember vividly comparing it with the scent of the sweet June nights at home to its disadvantage, only because of its richness, though; and then the fireflies, like myriads of fairies bearing tiny electric lights over the dark sward and among the shrubs. It seems almost banal just to say 'They were very beautiful,' but I feel it impossible to describe the wonderful charm they gave to the night. At one time—something must have disturbed them—they all appeared to rise a few feet from the ground simultaneously, and all the air was full of fairy fire. How I pitied the bridge players who sat within, oblivious of all the beauty without! How crushingly superior I felt myself to be to them in my choice of pleasures, and wondered how men and women could be so stupid! And then I blushed hotly in the darkness as I realised how contemptible was such a frame of mind. The revulsion was salutary, no doubt, but it drove me off to bed, although I felt quite loth to leave. Still, even going to bed under such circumstances was delightful—to be able to throw one's windows wide open to the delicious freshness of the night, and to lie sleepily counting the bright stars shining placidly down on one's face.

Daylight. Dear me, have I overslept? No; but the feeling

of having done so was very strong, and I tumbled up with all speed. Blessings on the people who run hotels in these countries for their habit of early rising, making coffee attainable as early as 5.30. That was the time by the hall clock as I strolled downstairs, and out again, with that sense of virtue common to all voluntary early risers. And I thought regretfully that this was, although only my second morning, my last for some time in this beautiful place; for the ship was due to sail at noon, and I must do some visiting in town. So immediately after breakfast we boarded the tram, and were whirled into Kingston, where I spent a couple of hours going from one house to another making calls, and all the time feeling as if I were moving on the stage of a theatre. But I had an intensely interesting interview with the editor of the best newspaper in the West Indies (I quote common report). He was a native, very dark, and evidently of Portuguese extraction, small, lean, and a bundle of nerves. His assistant was much darker, but better featured, also a martyr to neurasthenia, and just then on the verge of collapse. They interviewed me cautiously, curiously, with a strange air of mingled defiance and deference which was most amusing; and all the while I was taking in the details of my surroundings—the dirt, the dust, the litter, the squalor, feeling what, I suspect, was close to the truth—that colonial journalism meant a severe struggle with the proverbial wolf. Every part of the offices gave me the impression of the staff having moved in, in a very great hurry, some years ago, and having begun work while only tentatively straight. Thus they had gone on from day to day, and never found time to reduce the chaos to order. But how they produced the paper was a mystery to me. This state of things, however, I also found obtaining in the private houses of fairly wealthy natives of foreign extraction—as if they had given up in despair trying to make their servants keep things tidy, and for the same reason had never bought any decent furniture. If any of them see this, I do hope they won't think it set down in malice; I merely record my recollection of it, and believe I trace it to the right source when I say that it is the doing of the negro servant, to whom order is disagreeable folly.

The company which owns the Constant Spring Hotel have also one in Kingston, the Myrtle Bank, which is most pleasantly situated on the verge of the bay; indeed, there is a small covered-in jetty at the end of the grounds, upon which guests sit and read out over the surf. It is also exceedingly comfortable, having, in

contrast to the beautiful environs of Constant Spring, the wide sweep of the harbour and the busy water traffic to interest and amuse. Here I met and took leave of several of my newly found friends, somewhat pathetically impressed by their earnest desire that I should represent the condition of things Jamaican to the authorities at home, and quite unwilling to believe that I was not meditating any such thing as interference in matters political or financial, even had I the slightest right to do so. But I did try, as I always do, to impress upon them the necessity of guarding against the insidious approaches of England's two most bitter and unscrupulous foes in a business sense—the Americans and Germans; for I found that the United Fruit Company had already succeeded, with the usual conscienceless ability of the American millionaire, in reaping a great deal of the benefit paid for in hard cash by the taxpayer at home to help the West Indies out of their difficulties. Also, I learned that the Germans were doing, for the purpose of obtaining freight for their vast fleet, what the Royal Mail Company were forbidden to do—that is, lending money to the planters on the security of their crops and their promise to ship all their produce in German vessels. I cannot trust myself to comment upon this fresh instance of the way in which Britain treats her enemies, to their huge delight and scorn at her folly.

I pass over the disagreeable process of embarking and come to a much pleasanter theme. Punctually at the appointed time the lines were cast off, and the screw revolved. The *Tagus* went majestically astern, turned with as much docility as if she were going ahead, and in less than five minutes was steaming swiftly down the bay *en route* for the Spanish Main, having started with as little fuss as if she were a penny steamer leaving Westminster Bridge Pier. It is a never-ending source of delight to me, the way she is handled.

After a fortnight's absence, about which I have recorded my impressions in a previous article, I revisited Kingston, and it seemed good to be in British territorial waters again; but mine was a pale shadow of joy compared with that shown by the poor 'deckers,' as the deck passengers are termed officially. Many of them were astir before the first streak of dawn, and all were ready, with their small belongings lashed up, to spring ashore before ever we had reached the long sandspit of Port Royal. The usual bungling wait took place, although on this occasion both the pilot and his canoemen were far smarter than on our last arrival.

But the wait troubled me not, for I had writing to do below, and that grand passer away of time served me so well, as usual, that I had to rush on deck somewhat hurriedly, after what seemed a very short interval, lest I should miss what is a never failing joy to me—the sight of the *Tagus* coming alongside the wharf. But now, as that very necessary but entirely disagreeable operation of ‘coaling ship’ had to be performed, the word was ‘Go if you would be comfortable, and go at once.’ For although everything was done that deft-handed stewards and keen, clever officers could do to isolate the passengers’ portion of the ship from the universal grime obtaining elsewhere, it must be realised that there are feats impossible of achievement even at sea, and one of them is the keeping out of coal-dust, in blazing tropical weather, from even apparently hermetically sealed cabins. Under such conditions the penetrative quality of coal-dust can only be compared with that of the sand in Adelaide during a brickfielder, when, I have been told, and am not inclined to disbelieve it, that sand has been upon the documents in cash-boxes locked within a safe in a banker’s strong-room.

Therefore we fled precipitately to the comfort and beauty of Constant Spring, with a sense, too, of having returned home after a long absence. We were all welcomed as old acquaintances, and found to our delight some of our outward passengers. But as our stay here was only to be three days in length, and as I had engaged myself to pay several visits, I found little time for loafing, though I could have done so with all my heart. The genial editor of the ‘Gleaner’ had booked me on the outward visit to take a long drive with him into the country, and see for myself what the real Jamaica was like. So, nothing loth, I boarded the trolley car and hied me back to Kingston, finding him quite anxious for my re-appearance. A smart buggy and pair was waiting, and without loss of time we commenced our journey. His hospitable intention was to take me away up into the hills to the mansion of a friend of his, Mr. Feurtado, from whose verandah a perfect panorama of Kingston Harbour might be obtained. That was one of the principal recommendations of the trip; but, as the negro man says solemnly, ‘wee-att’ (Anglice, ‘wait’). Our lively ponies rattled along the good road from Kingston to Halfway Tree at a great pace, seeming, despite the heat, to be really delighted to get a chance to let themselves out; and, much to my no doubt ignorant surprise, they did not seem to be nearly as much distressed or lose

nearly as much sweat in that terrible heat as I have seen our home horses do on quite a cool day after a smart run. In fact, wherever I have been on this trip I have noticed that the horses stand the heat amazingly well, and as for sun-bonnets, the thing is unthinkable; anybody suggesting it would be looked upon as an amiable lunatic, well-intentioned, doubtless, but entirely ignorant of a horse's requirements. Yet the heat of the sun, say, between 10 and 4 P.M. during the summer months all over the West Indies is such that if we had one day of it in London I have no doubt that the newspapers would be full the next morning of casualties to men and animals arising from heat. And I do not think it is sufficient explanation to say that the animals are used to it.

That was a memorable drive to me for many reasons. First of all, as it should be, by reason of the extreme beauty of the scenery, which I had so much more leisure to admire than on the railway journeys in Costa Rica and Venezuela; also, I had a highly intelligent guide with me, my friend Mr. de Lisser being a perfect well of information, into which I had only to dip the bucket of inquiry to have my thirst immediately and gratefully quenched. Upward, ever upward, we drove through gigantic gorges, where mighty trees were moored to apparently barren rocks, and all the intervening spaces between them were thickly woven over by climbing plants of many species, whose stems, like vast snakes, hung dangling down nakedly to sometimes a distance of 150 feet. There were not many flowers—it was not the time for them, apparently—but the glorious variety of greenery in all imaginable shades was enough to drive an artist to despair. Wherever a little patch of ground seemed level enough for the purpose, it was cultivated (and I have before noted that the ideal coffee plantation seems to need an angle of about forty-five degrees)—‘provision grounds,’ as they are termed, where such eatables as yams, sweet potatoes, cocos, cassava, maize, etc., are grown, predominating, of course, as was only to be expected so near a large town as we were. But there was also a fair sprinkling of banana trees, pimento and cocoa plantations, and also some patches of coffee and cotton, although not nearly so much of the latter as I should like to have seen. Every little while we passed a tiny hut with an exiguous area of cultivation around it, where ‘provision kind’ was growing luxuriantly, the beautiful vine of the sweet potato being especially noticeable. Truth compels me to state that the owners of these plots were usually reclining in more or less easy positions within

sight of the road, looking like men who had no cares, and but few wants unsatisfied. But we never saw the female part of the establishment so reposing. If she was not washing (and the amount of washing that these coloured women do ought to be sole and sufficient answer to any charges of deliberate uncleanness that may be brought against them), she was absent on her long trudge to town with produce from the plot to be sold. Some of these squatters, the aristocrats of the race, I presumed, owned a donkey—a diminutive but wonderfully useful beast of burden, lightening the lady of the house's labours immensely. Most of them possessed some livestock, such as a long-nosed, clipper-built pig, a diabolically cunning-looking goat, and some spindle-shanked fowls. The pig and the fowls I can understand; but why these goats, except as queer pets? A female goat will, if properly handled, produce considerable milk—look at the Maltese milk supply—but as far as my observation goes the majority of these small-holding goats were of the masculine gender, fit only to do mischief and keep the household wondering what they would do next. Perhaps the squatters eat them occasionally, although I was assured that they did not. The children—happy care-free little ebony creatures, innocent of garb except an occasional brief shirt—seemed to have generally a delightful time, and I could not help contrasting their lot with that of the children of our slums at home. No F.A.F. needed for them, or special collections to provide them with meals. Surely if any children should be happy these were. Their little round bellies and sleek skins bore eloquent testimony to their being well fed, and their movements were, as far as one could see, absolutely uncontrolled. In the oriental home of their ancestors they would have been liable at any moment to be borne off as slaves or slaughtered by the raiders as being unmarketable. Here their prospect in life would have been deemed enviable by any child in our own favoured land until he had learned that to eat and drink, play in the warm air unembarrassed by clothes, and sleep when and where he listed, were not the highest aims in life or the highest good for man.

But we are mounting upward rapidly now, and I begin to feel less comfortable than I did; for it must be admitted that whoever made and graded these roads had but scant consideration for the nerves of folks who, all unaccustomed to such travelling, might have to use them. A sudden climb, requiring all the energy of the horses to accomplish, would appear to terminate on the verge

of a precipice whose bottom was lost in mist; but upon reaching that jumping-off place there would be a sudden twist of the horses' heads so sharply round that they appeared to be meditating a plunge into the interior of the carriage, and this, with a most menacing creaking and groaning of the whole equipage, would turn upon its axis, its hind wheels sending fragments of the road hurtling into the dimness below, while a new road would open up in front with as steep a descent as the former ascent had been. Several times, indeed, I respectfully declined to remain in the carriage, not at all liking the view into infinity I was favoured with at the bottom of the extremely slanting way we were descending, but I was constantly assured by my genial host that there was an entire immunity from accidents—that these drivers constantly made the journey by night and by day without mishap. I made a mental reservation immediately that I would not give them the opportunity of testing their skill upon me by night; the journey down even by day loomed before me fraught with gigantic possibilities of disaster.

However, the occasional thrills induced by my anticipations of a sudden descent of us all in an indistinguishable heap into one of the gorges beneath did not prevent my very great enjoyment of the whole of that superb drive. As we rose into another climate I saw that cultivation increased and became more systematic. Here were large plantations of pimento and cocoa, but, alas! through several of them the wide swaths mown by the last hurricane were painfully apparent. Nature, aided by the efforts of the planters, was doing her best to repair the damage done in a few minutes by that awful meteor to the results of the labours of years, but it was evident that several seasons must pass yet before the young trees were in full bearing. Then suddenly by way of a steeper road than we had yet traversed, with turns in it almost doubling back upon it, we emerged on a plateau where stood the picturesque old house of the gentleman we had come to visit—Mr. Feurtado.

It may perhaps be accounted to me for cowardice, but I was really relieved when we arrived at Mr. Feurtado's hospitable home, feeling that for the present, at any rate, I was free from the incubus of that journey, interesting and delightful, on the whole, as it had been. And I was now in a society totally different from any that I had ever before mingled with. My host, his charming wife, and his friends were of a type that I had never had an opportunity of

studying. Well-bred and kindly, handsome and genial, they were as far removed from the English type of people as anything could well be—in fact, my host was black but comely, and a perfect gentleman if ever there was one; and all the people present, except myself, were of the swarthy hue spoken of in ‘Othello,’ but none the less I felt with them perfectly at ease. Everything that they could do to show me how much they appreciated my visit they did, and I enjoyed their company as much as it was possible for me to do. But I had not been there very long before an incident occurred which explained to me something that I had long wondered at. In common with many of my countrymen, I have often been surprised at the continental strictures upon the behaviour of English folk abroad—their disregard of all the *convenances* of life, to say nothing of the people among whom they were sojourning; and I was very much annoyed, feeling that the remarks were not only exaggerated, but that they were not even remotely true—because I could not imagine my country men and women behaving so rudely and blatantly.

Now, however, I was to be disagreeably enlightened. A party of men and women—I will not call them gentlemen and ladies—appeared in front of the house. We, the party within, were at afternoon tea. Mr. Feurtado rose and, apologising for leaving us, went to meet the new-comers. They came right up the front steps and into the house, strolled round the drawing-room, and took stock of us, who were sitting at tea, as if we were some curious specimens of humanity that they had never seen before. At last they seated themselves, and Mr. Feurtado rang for tea for them, I wondering all the time why he did not introduce his just arrived friends to us. After a somewhat lengthy stay they departed, and our host, after accompanying them to their carriages, rejoined us. Some time after I ventured to say to him, for I admit that my curiosity was very great, ‘Your friends did not make a long stay, sir.’ ‘My friends,’ said he, with some surprise, ‘I never saw them or heard of them before. They are tourists visiting the island, and have come up here to see the view. Incidentally they came into my house, and I showed them round. It is only common politeness on my part, but I often think that they do not seem to appreciate it very much.’ And then he changed the subject. But think of it, ladies and gentlemen. Imagine, if you can, a party of Frenchmen or Germans walking into your house uninvited, unannounced, as if it were a museum and you the hired custodian

thereof. Even then it would hardly be thinkable that they should invade your private apartments and—— But I must not say any more upon the subject, for I feel so indignant that I should certainly say something that I could wish recalled by-and-by.

As evening drew on I became quite uneasy, and even the prospect of watching the glorious tropical sunset from that great elevation, and with that mighty panorama spread before me, could not lessen my dread of the downward journey in the dark. But really I was grieved to leave that wonderful scene. On either side of us were the mighty ramparts of verdure-clad mountains; before us, in one splendid sweep, their slopes descended to the level plain of Kingston, which was looking like a toy town or an architect's rough plan. Beyond it lay the shining waters of the harbour, just taking on the first of the wondrous succession of shades of colour that would reach their climax in the sunset time. Dotted about that beautiful level were tiny cockboats, as they appeared—really great ocean-going steamers, and our own beautiful *Tagus*, easily distinguishable among them all, with her double cream-coloured funnels, looked as if I could take her up in my arms like a child's toy. Far beyond appeared the dim outlines of Port Royal bounding the harbour, and grimly suggesting the myriads of good British men who had succumbed to its deadly climate in bygone days, before sanitation and the malaria-disseminating habits of the mosquito were understood, and consequently could not be guarded against; and, beyond all, the eternal sea.

Nevertheless, I could not face the prospect of a night journey down even with the promise of all that transcendent beauty when the sunset rays should glorify everything around me as even I could hardly imagine it, and so I insisted upon leaving at once, much to the dismay of my newly found friends, who I verily believe had made up their minds that I should stay until midnight; but I was inexorable, and in a very few minutes the farewells, as sincere and voluminous as if we had been friends for years, had been said, and the thoroughly rested ponies were plunging down the steep descent at what seemed to me to be breakneck speed.

If the journey up had been exciting, the return fully answered all my anticipations of its being more so; but I continually discounted the thrills I should have experienced by getting out of the buggy at peculiarly diabolical-looking turns of precipitous descent and walking, while the ponies slid and squattered amid the flying

pebbles. Still, I had time to admire the minor beauties of the way, especially the wonderful buttress-like stems of gigantic ceibas or silk-cotton trees that rose majestically at short intervals at either side of the road. As I noted before, there was but little change in the colours, owing to the absence of flowers, but as we came to openings across the ravines, and the sun's declining rays lit up the great intervening spaces, the changeful beauty of the view was intensely satisfying; and about half-way down—we came by a different route—a sudden turn in the road brought into view a little hamlet where a small concourse of villagers were congregated about an unfinished building. They were sitting in easy, unconventional attitudes, as if they were discussing the progress of the work, and as we halted the principal man among them hailed my friend with great courtesy. An animated conversation ensued, of which I understood perhaps one word in ten, and I thought I understood polyglot English fairly well. So I do, but I confess that the quaint patois used by the West Indian negro gives me pause. However, when we resumed our journey my friend gave me to understand that the gentleman of colour who had spoken to him was extending his premises, and had been informing him of the progress of affairs. Quite unconscious that I was asking anything, I inquired how long the work had been progressing, and was told *two years*. Ah me! it is a leisurely land. And why not? Why should the stress and worry of modern civilisation penetrate into their lotus-eating nooks? As long as the workers are happy and contented to do a day's work and discuss it for a week, being well fed, sufficiently clothed, and having no care, I cannot understand for the life of me why they should be converted to the gospel, if gospel it be, of 'git up and git.' I know that this is sad heresy, but I do not see how one is to avoid thinking it if he does not say it, when he sees how entirely satisfied and happy these children of the sun appear to be.

After leaving the hamlet our road down was fairly easy, and we arrived at the hotel in good time for dinner, the willing little horses not at all distressed, and our sable driver as full of glee over the satisfactory termination of his drive as we were. Altogether it had been a most pleasant day, and now under the verandah we enjoyed our evening meal, looking out upon the glories of the tropic night, and rejoicing in the never-ceasing chorus of the cicalas and the myriad antics of the fairy light-bearers that filled the air with luminous streaks. My friend and I discussed many

matters which I do not dwell upon here, having made up my mind to eschew all political subjects in print. Yet it is very difficult, since politics in some form or another will enter into every phase of our lives, and it is almost impossible to avoid them. One thing I must say, and that is that I find a growing feeling out here that, in spite of the undoubted loyalty of these island populations to Great Britain, it is impossible for them to avoid the conclusion that they are fated sooner or later to become an appanage of the great Republic. You see, they are so near to America, and her markets are so omnivorous, her representatives are so strenuous, while our people are so apt to consider that there is no need to alter their *laissez faire* attitude, that no other conclusion seems possible. I hate the idea, but when every man you meet has the notion that the West Indies are not worth the fight that Britain will have to wage to retain them, and that they are worth any effort on the part of the United States to capture them, what is an unbiassed outsider to say if he wishes to record his impressions honestly? Well, I should say he had better face the facts, state them, and take the consequences. At any rate, I have one comforting thought in connection with my present mission, and that is that, no matter what flag they are under, the West Indies will always be interesting to visit, and can never be other than an ideal winter resort for people who can afford the moderate inclusive fare demanded by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company for a tour round them. Also, I have little fear of the Americans ousting us from our shipping trade thither, judging from their handling of the International Shipping Combine.

OLD-TIME NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY D. W. PROWSE, K.C., LL.D.

THE stirring scenes and romantic incidents connected with the old-time smuggling and wrecking have always been stock subjects for the novelists. As actual offences they have long ceased to exist within the four seas of Great Britain, and are now amongst the lost arts. The splendid services of the Custom House and His Majesty's Coast Guard have utterly put an end to all serious contraband robbery from wrecks. There is perhaps no finer illustration of our progress in morals, no more characteristic proof of our advance and improvement over our forefathers in decency and respect for the law, than the story of how the Crosbies and other Irish gentry of Kerry combined to kill the guards and steal the chests of silver from the Danish East Indiaman wrecked at Ballyhige in October 1730. Nothing was ever recovered, and no one was ever punished for this most audacious crime. As Froude says, 'There was a general idea that to neglect such windfalls was a grievous tempting of Providence.' Public morality, especially among the middle and upper classes of society, now can only contemplate such a horrible story as the Kerry wrecking with horror. Hawker of Morwenstow tells the same tale; his story is humorous, while the other is tragic. How a visitor to the Delectable Duchy comes across a lot of smugglers around an empty keg. 'Is there no magistrate here?' inquires the stranger. 'No, thanks be to God.' 'Where is the clergyman?' 'There be passon yonder, sir, with the lanthorn.' If one goes among ancient mariners and associates with the old toilers of the seas among the fishing population, he will find that the traditions of the grand old days of plunder from the ocean still linger among them. They look upon the sea as their own special domain, and wrecks cast upon the shores as special interpositions of Providence in their favour. Deep down in their hearts they re-echo the old Cornish minister's prayer: 'O Lord, protect and defend those who go down to the sea in ships and do their business in the great waters, and if it be so, Lord, that in Thy unspeakable Providence Thou shouldest cause

any of the stately ships to be cast away—grant, Lord, of Thy abundant mercy that a goodly portion of the wrecks may be bestowed upon the poor sinful inhabitants of this small haven.’

One winter I was coming across the Atlantic in a steam whaler. We had very bad weather. In the midst of the hurricane, a poor miserable stowaway was discovered, dirty, thinly clothed, and half starved. I never saw a more miserable object than this poor Scotch boy. ‘Well, my good chap,’ said I, ‘this ought to make you sick of the sea.’ ‘Oh,’ he answered with a grunt, ‘it might be waur.’ As we could make no headway against the storm the captain decided to put into ‘Long Hope Orkney.’ Looking over the storm-swept Pentland Firth, with its dangerous rocks and fierce currents, I casually remarked to the blue-eyed giant, our Orkney pilot: ‘This must be a great place for wrecks.’ ‘Wracks, man,’ he shouted, bringing his heavy fist down on the rail of the bridge, ‘there’s mony a braw hoose, many a braw farm in Orkney got out o’ wracks, but the dom Breetish Government has put a leet-hoose here, and a leet-hoose there, and yon,’ pointing to the double lighthouse on the Skerries, ‘yon’s twa—there is no chance of wracks for a puir fisher body noo.’

In the old days, when the world’s commerce was carried on by wooden sailing vessels, the loss of life and the destruction of ships were far greater than at the present time. Along the Newfoundland south and west coast, between Cape Race and Cape Ray, every year in the beginning of the last century there were terrible wrecks, in some of which nearly every soul perished. In various little settlements on this dangerous coast, cabin doors and windows and materials from wrecks will be found in every house in the village. Nearly every good thing in their possession came from the merciless destructive forces of the sea. One Anglican clergyman was holding service in one of these little places; he was the most modest and retiring of men. Having been formerly an officer in the army, he was very particular about his clothes. His plain black coat was of the very best material. The old fisherman, his host, eyed him for some time; then laying his hand on his coat sleeve, smoothing it down, he said: ‘That’s a mighty fine piece of cloth, sir; never seed such a splendid bit of cloth in my life before. Get’ee out of a wrack, sir?’

We are learning more every day about the influence of geography on history. How much man’s environment tends to the

formation of his human character. The prime factor in the creation of the special English type is our insularity. It is the separation from the Continent that has made our bold free race. The Newfoundlander is also an islander, and his merits and defects are largely due to his surroundings. His occupation is on the sea, and amid the icefloes. As a fisherman, sailor, and hunter of the hair seal, he has no rival. His isolation has made him handy and self-dependent. He builds his house and his schooner, tans his own leather, and makes his boots. This special gift of handicraft is a remarkable instance of heredity; the first settlers were all tradesmen, carpenters, smiths, sawyers, and boat-builders. Until 1840 there was not a road in the island. The barbarous policy of the Home Government prohibiting settlement retarded our advancement. I can remember an old gentleman who was punished by the Governor for building a chimney. No grants of land were allowed until 1813. It is small wonder that under such an outrageous state of affairs the poor settlers, living in isolation, cut off from the world, remained in utter ignorance. These old fishermen, who were daring wreckers, were equally daring in saving life. As a typical representative of his class, the true story of George Harvey is worth recording. All his life he had resided on a low rocky island a few miles east of Cape Ray, well named by the French from the numerous wrecks in this vicinity, 'Iles aux morts.' In those days the old emigrant ships to Canada were crowded with passengers. In the autumn of 1832, the brig *Despatch*, bound to Quebec with 163 souls aboard, in a tremendous gale of wind struck a rock about three miles from Harvey's residence. He heard the signals of distress, and immediately launched his boat with his boy of twelve, his girl of seventeen, and his dog, and tried to get out to the wreck. On the forecastle of the doomed ship were crowded all the crew and passengers in imminent peril of their lives. A terrible sea raged between his boat and the wrecked ship, but across that awful waste of water the gallant fisherman and his brave children pushed their frail skiff. To get close to the stranded vessel was to court instant destruction, and the task of saving the emigrants seemed well-nigh hopeless, but Harvey's noble Newfoundland dog, deep diver, bold swimmer, with marvellous intelligence seemed to understand what was required of him, and, at a signal from his master, sprang out of the boat and swam towards the ship. The seas overwhelmed him and drove him back, but he persevered, and finally came near enough. The sailors threw him a rope which he

gripped with his sharp teeth, and at last he got back to his master, and was drawn into the boat almost dead of exhaustion. Communication was now established between the ship and Harvey's skiff, and with the most laborious efforts every soul was saved. The King was so pleased with Harvey's gallant exploit that he sent him a present of 100 sovereigns, and had a large gold medal especially engraved with a description of his exploit, and sent him an autograph letter through the Governor. On September 14, 1838, he again saved twenty-five men, the crew of the ship *Rankin*, of Glasgow, belonging to Rankin and Gilmore. The ship went to pieces. The crew were hanging on to the iron rail that ran around the poop, when in the same gallant fearless way he and his brave youngsters brought them off in safety. Out of his slender store Harvey fed all these poor shipwrecked people, and after the loss of the *Despatch* he was left utterly destitute, and his family were compelled to live on salt fish without bread, flour, butter, or tea, for the whole winter. It is painful to relate, on the authority of Jukes, that four years after the event he had received no compensation from the wealthy Scotch owner of the *Rankin*.

My readers may perhaps like to know something more about the dog who was instrumental in saving so many lives. The true Newfoundland dog, the fisherman's companion, is smooth-haired, and not specially handsome. As Hutchinson tells us in his admirable book on dog-breaking, if you want your dog well trained, you must make him your companion. The fisherman's dog, like the shepherd's collie, goes with his master everywhere. When a big cod is hooked, he helps to drag it aboard; if a bird is shot, he recovers it. When the owner goes into the wood either for sport or to get fire-wood, the dog hauls the sledge and finds out the game. Harvey's dog had the sporting propensity highly developed: he caught fish, not to eat; he laid them in rows just as the sportsman displays his game. He had one white paw, and his master declared he used it to tole (allure) the fish.

Harvey told Jukes that he had once seen a horse in Fortune Bay. The people wished to coax him into mounting the animal, but he knew better than that.

Perhaps the best illustration of the utter isolation of the people seventy years ago is shown by a story which I can vouch for. An old friend of mine, Mr. John Stuart (Jukes's great ally), had once a lot of circus horses thrown on his hands through his good nature. He gave one white pony to a dealer living in a long island in Placentia

Bay; the animal strayed away, and was shot by a young fellow who took him for a caribou. He called up the neighbours to see the white stag with iron shoes on his hoofs.

One of my last experiences in wrecking is an awful illustration how good men can fall from grace, how 'many a stain defiles the robe that wraps an earthly saint.' As it turned out, the two principal robbers from the wreck of a small English schooner at Sandy Cove were the licensed Anglican lay-reader, Smith, and the Wesleyan class-leader, Hezekiah Jones. They were the rival ecclesiastics of the little village. The Episcopalian was a truculent, greedy trader, a true Devonian, full of pluck and enterprise. He assured me that 'his lardship had passed honconums on both his rading and praichin.'

The class to which the old Methodist belonged I knew well as the very salt of the earth, men who were diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Hezekiah, with eyes uplifted to heaven, declared to me how much his humble labour had been blessed. It seemed rank blasphemy to charge a holy man of this type with such a contemptible theft. The little vessel ran on the rocks in a dark night in a gale of wind; the master and his wife and the crew took to the boats, and arrived just before daylight in Sandy Cove. As the crew had landed at Smith's stage, and Jones lived alongside, I knew at once that these would be the first at the wreck. There was no cargo aboard beside the ship's stores; the only real valuables were the clothes, especially the captain's wife's boxes. She was a homely buxom body, plain as they make them, but the uxorious husband loved to have her arrayed like the Queen of Sheba in garments of divers colours. The poor woman had escaped in her night robes, and a dressing-gown Smith had sold her, a plain old garment, for about four times its value. We afterwards discovered about his premises, in various hiding-places, all the wife's boxes, worth a couple of hundred pounds. This was bad enough, but the local preacher's case was worse. I noticed that there was freshly dug up ground in his cabbage garden; of course the family observed me with the policeman peering over the fence. I became convinced my devout brother had 'his treasure hid in a field.' He was leading in prayer that evening, so I felt confident that when he came back from his devotions, and had heard the report of his family about our watch over his garden, he would at once set to work to remove the stolen goods to some safer hiding-place. About half an hour after his return our

police watcher saw the old man steal out very cautiously and begin work with his spade. When he had dug up the boxes, the police pounced on him. All was discovered. I draw a veil over the finale. They were both convicted and punished ; I need not add that they no longer led in prayer.

As an old police magistrate, it has been my lot, years ago, to be associated not only with actual wrecking, but with a very remarkable manifestation of mob violence and a combined obstruction to the building of a railway. The time has so long past in England when railway surveyors had to flee for their lives from the attacks of irate landlords and their myrmidons, it is such ancient history, that it may perhaps interest my readers to be told about a similar fight illustrated in the case of our iron road and popular ignorance. In Newfoundland, railway enterprise followed the same general lines as in the States. A company obtains a charter and starts the line. Before the construction is half finished, the original company bursts up, a receiver is appointed, a new combination buys up the works for ten cents on the dollar, completes the line, grows prosperous, and waters the stock. The great magnates of the Canadian Pacific began their prosperous career by purchasing for a song the Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway. The pushing Yankee, a veritable Colonel Sellars, who came down to start our enterprise, had not a second coat to his back. He agreed for his company to build the road, not only over the part surveyed, but also through a wild country utterly unknown.

Of course the company burst up, and the line was completed by the English bondholders.

The great opponents of the new enterprise were the merchants ; they feared an increase in wages and all sorts of dangers from the novel undertaking. One old commercial used to tell the people, as they afterwards explained it to me, ' That a tall gate [toll gate] would be put up at the entrance to the town, and every poor farmer would have to pay half a crown for his horse and cart. That if the surveyor's chain once passed through their land, it was gone for ever.'

These extraordinary fictions stirred up the people to madness. When the railway surveyors began work, about a dozen miles from St. John, an infuriated crowd of five hundred men and women, armed with guns, sticks, pitch-forks, and stones, followed them about for days. I was sent out to reason with the mob, and for days I sat on the hillside and explained to them all about the railway. I could

see that all my reasoning was thrown away; arguments backed by incontestable facts all fell back like blunted arrows from the impenetrable walls of invincible ignorance. At last the climax came; the crowd caught the luckless surveyors, pelted them with stones, took away all their instruments, and they had to run for their lives.

In a very short time I was back with the police inspector, two mounted constables, and nine foot police. I pointed out the ring-leader. After a short sharp struggle he was captured and taken off to prison. There was a futile attempt by the crowd to rescue the prisoner, but as they rushed down the hill to seize him, they were met at the ditch by the inspector with his drawn sword and the levelled rifles of the nine policemen. Before a minute elapsed, the prisoner was handcuffed, put into a waggon; off trotted the mounted police, and the conflict was over.

After the prisoner was taken, the police inspector and all his men went off to guard against his recapture by the mob, and I was left alone with the angry crowd. A tall old man came out with a long gun. He laid his hand on my arm: 'You be an unjust judge,' he said, 'and it would plaze the Lard to shute the likes of you.' Now I am a sportsman, and my eye was at once directed to the long blunderbuss; I saw immediately there was no cap on the nipple of his muzzle-loader, so before the old chap could defend himself, I gave him a kick in the back, the long gun got between his legs, and down he went. 'You old fool,' said I, 'when you come out to threaten a man's life, get a cap on your gun.' A joke always takes with the crowd. My next assailant was a one-armed ruffian who was under bonds at the time to keep the peace. He came along, flourishing a musket also with no cap. I made short work of him by catching the barrel of the gun and smashing it over his back, and then ordering him home. The crowd were quite delighted, and cheered when El Manco scuttled off—he presumed that I had not remembered him and his bonds.

When the survey again began, I made one condition. When the time was appointed, each man should be paid on the spot for his land. The result was magical; I passed one old fellow sharpening a knife a day before the row. 'How are you, Skipper Abraham?' said I. 'Pretty well,' he said; 'I be getting this yer ready to put into your gizzard when you takes my land.' When the cheques began to circulate, Father Abraham followed me about to beg the arbitrators to value his bit of rocky land.

The best joke of all was the conduct of the leader of the insurrection—the Wat Tyler of this railway revolution. I was visiting the city prison, as was my wont, and I inquired after his condition. ‘Judge,’ he says, ‘I am all for the railway now.’ ‘Well,’ said I, ‘Charlie, what has come over you?’ He says, ‘I will tell you. Last night there was an English sailor chap, very drunk, put into my cell. When he come to in the mornin’, he says to me, “What brings you here, you old bloke?” I up and tell ’em that I was fighten agen a railway. “What a old idiot you must be to go agen a railway. Why, it’s the people’s road, and is all for their good.” Then he up and tell me all about ’em, and now, judge, I am all for the railway.’ ‘Well, Charlie,’ said I, ‘did I not tell you all this for days and days, sitting on the hillside and reasoning with you?’ ‘Yes,’ he said, and hung his head sheepishly; then with a cunning leer, added: ‘It is all very well, judge, but we knowed you was paid for tellin’ dem things.’

One of the difficulties we encountered in dealing with this anti-railway mob was their clamorous desire to see the directors. None of these titled gentlemen would venture amongst them; the English engineer at the head of the survey refused point blank to appear. Neither priest nor parson would come to our assistance. It was like the story of a shipwreck, when the Friar cried out: ‘Save us, oh, save us! the sailors are used to be drowned.’ So the public think, and rightly too, that troublesome jobs of this kind are the proper work of the police.

Besides assisting to put down this riot, I afterwards, for weeks, attended the railway arbitrator as a sort of ambulatory court, settling titles to land. My plan of operation was simplicity itself. I made everyone directly or indirectly interested in the property sign the deed; after this was done, we divided the money among the claimants. One would naturally suppose that for all this good service I would receive some honour or reward for my services. Quite the contrary; not only did I never get a penny even for my expenses, but I was caricatured in a play written by a benevolent priest to help a company of stranded actors. I was represented as in a state of arrant cowardice hiding behind a rock in order to don my judicial robes. The police sub-inspector’s air was given in an exaggerated strut. Magistrates and the bobbies are always fine subjects for popular humour. The gallant Irish inspector, a *persona sanctissima* with the Church, was left out of the play.

CLIMBING THE (JOINT-STOCK) TREE.

AMONG all that has been written in recent years concerning the education and equipment required by a youth who proposes to win his way to fortune, it is rather surprising to find that little or no attention has been given to the question as to how far the young aspirant's task has been made more difficult or more simple by the prevailing fashion which tends to turn all businesses into joint-stock companies.

It is evident that this development, which goes on its way steadily year by year, though occasionally checked after a debauch of over-capitalisation on the part of company promoters, must have had memorable effects upon the industries that it has absorbed within the sweep of its net. For the industries themselves the effect has, on the whole, probably been beneficial. Concerns with a large body of shareholders ought, it may be contended fairly, to be better managed than those which are conducted in the interests of two or three partners who are likely to become ossified by routine after a few years of prosperity, and prone to leave well alone, and jog along easily in the path that has brought wealth to themselves and their forefathers. For the shareholders are an ever-shifting body, and so are not in a position to console themselves with the thought that, after all, if the business is not doing very well now it has yielded fat profits, which were safely realised and snugly tucked away, in the past. The shareholder of to-day insists, or would like to insist, that the business shall be kept up to the mark as a profit-earning concern, and any sign of slackness on the part of the management is likely to be rewarded with criticism which is both prompter and more uncompromising than can be the case when those interested in the profits of an industry are themselves responsible for its management. This consideration gains still greater force when we remember that the old days of partnership management often tended to place the conduct of businesses in the hands of a family party, assisted, perhaps, by subordinates who had grown up in the service of the family, and regarded its members as both omniscient and infallible.

The picture that Dickens has given us of the counting-house of the Brothers Cheeryble is indeed a delightful commercial idyl,

but it may safely be doubted whether, if Fortune happened to turn a sour face upon the efforts of that eminent firm of German-merchants, the mutual criticisms of the two brothers and of the faithful Tim Linkinwater would have given much assistance towards winning back her favour; and such a remedy as a change of management could not, from the nature of the case, have occurred to them as desirable, or even possible, under any conceivable circumstances.

This desire of the modern shareholder for steady and, if possible, increasing dividends has its drawbacks. When a business is being built up it is often better policy to husband all the profit earned and devote it to the consolidation and expansion of the industry, and on such occasions the power of the old partner-management to exercise self-restraint in the matter of distribution was a distinct gain: so much so that it may be argued that a partnership is best fitted for making a business, while the joint-stock system works best for keeping it going and getting the best possible results out of it. And it must also be admitted that the modern shareholder has shown quite as much ignorance and stupidity about the conduct of the industries in which he is interested as the most eager upholder of the old *régime* could have foretold. He wants his dividends, and as long as he gets them he reck little as to how they are earned or whether they are earned at all. Consequently he is more than likely by this indiscriminate craving for dividends to encourage bad finance, which will eventually result in his discomfiture. For instance, it is probable that the boards of English railway companies would not have indulged, as freely as they have in the past, in the vicious habit of drawing on capital for expenditure which ought to have been charged to revenue if they had not been terrified into over-distribution by the thought of meeting their proprietors assembled in general meeting.

This ignorant shortsightedness, however, on the part of shareholders shows signs of wearing off, assisted by bitter experience, and, to some extent perhaps, by the efforts of financial critics, some of whom—in spite of sweeping condemnations which occasionally damn the whole financial press with book and with bell—are honest, keen-eyed, and trenchant. Moreover, the shareholder likes not only to get regular dividends, but also to see the prices of the securities which he holds appreciate, or at least remain steady; and the price of a company's securities is very susceptible to bad management, for what is known as 'inside selling' is pretty certain

to affect this sensitive barometer, if anything is amiss, in a manner which opens the eyes of the most purblind shareholder.

The joint-stock system has thus brought with it a healthy publicity which has had an invigorating effect upon management, especially upon those businesses, such as banking and insurance, which depend for their very existence on credit. A large body of shareholders necessitated the printing and distribution of a yearly or half-yearly report and balance-sheet which were open to analysis and criticism. And it cannot be doubted that much of the astonishing success and prosperity of British banking since the joint-stock system was allowed a free hand to engage in it has been due to the necessity, under which the business has worked, of being able to show figures which are beyond cavil.

These considerations have an important bearing on our original question—that of the position of the youth of ability who proposes to climb to the top of the commercial tree. For anything that tends to keep the conduct of a business active and vigorous will inevitably improve the chances of any talented men in its service. It is true that the young Dick Whittington of to-day may find that certain short cuts, or backstairs ways, to the summit of his ambition have been closed to him by the joint-stock system. He is no longer, perhaps, able to achieve a ready-made position by marrying his employer's daughter or widow; but as far as genuine ability and energy are concerned it cannot be doubted that they get nowadays a finer chance of bringing their possessor forward than they did in the old days of partner management. Publicity and criticism make nepotism less efficacious to put the square man in the round hole, though it cannot be denied that nepotism in industrial circles is by no means dead, but too often still gives opportunities to those who have not earned them; nevertheless, if nepotism still gives chances unfairly it does not often suffice to keep a man long in a post for which he is manifestly unfit; if he is not good enough to take advantage of his chance he will, in most cases, sooner or later have to give way to those who are better qualified.

For, after all, the most notable effect that the introduction and expansion of the joint-stock system have wrought upon the financial and commercial world has been the extent to which it has fostered competition. The democratisation of capitalism and the power of uniting the small subscriptions of a large number of comparatively poor investors for the purpose of exploiting an industry has

given an elasticity to the supply of money for industrial purposes which was undreamt of before the Limited Liability Acts brought joint-stock enterprise within the reach of anyone who had saved a five-pound note, or less. The consequence is that as soon as any industry is seen to be earning profits above the average a swarm of company promoters come buzzing about it, and settle on its showiest blossoms, gathering honey which they make haste to offer to the shareholding public. The joint-stock machinery and human nature being still by no means perfect, the result of this activity and eagerness is often unfortunate enough for the shareholders; but this ever-ready supply of fresh capital has a wonderfully exhilarating effect upon the commercial organism, stimulating its activity and keeping competition always at high pressure.

It is difficult to over-estimate the benefit which this keen pressure of competition confers upon the aspirant to commercial success, whose prospects we are considering. If we are justified in claiming that the joint-stock system has stimulated, and is stimulating, competition, we may be certain that it has opened the door of success wider to the ambitious and able youth. For though it is very likely true that competition is by no means the last word in industrial organisation, and that it involves waste of energy and overlapping expenditure of capital and effort which might be corrected by some saner system hereafter to be evolved, nevertheless this very waste of effort only stimulates the demand for able and energetic men to make it, and makes it more and more impossible to leave the conduct even of the least important departments of a business in the hands of those who are not properly qualified to manage them. Hence it is that the keener competition developed by the joint-stock system forces those who are in authority to be always keenly on the look-out for fresh talent, and youths of promise are looked for and pushed forward by the vigorous and active companies with an eagerness that would have astonished our commercial forefathers.

The debt that a youthful ambition owes to competition is demonstrated in an interesting manner by the fact that, among joint-stock companies, those which are least liable to immediate and obvious competition are those among which nepotism and favouritism are still most rife. The railway companies, for example, are, as far as inland business is concerned, virtually in the position of monopolists. It is, of course, open to anyone who has a bent that way to build a new railway wherever he likes if he can get

the necessary Parliamentary powers and raise the needful capital; but the expense involved by the necessity for Parliamentary sanction is so great, and the power of an existing railway is so strong to put obstacles in the path of a newcomer that the existing lines can afford to regard their position as unassailable; while as for competition among themselves it has long ago been reduced, in most cases, to an amusing farce that is played with a very grave face by the various managements in order to gratify the public with the belief that its interests are being served in the best possible manner. Railway races are occasionally arranged, and sometimes we hear of one line or another putting on an extra-luxurious dinner train; but as to serious competition such as would exist if railways were really a business in which a newcomer with ready capital had a genuinely free hand, the various boards have long ago quietly settled things in such a way that no such vulgarity is likely to disturb their slumbers. And the result is somnolence, nepotism, and a condition of self-satisfied stagnation which is not only very discouraging to a youth who enters this monopolist industry with a view to climbing to the top, but also is a danger to British trade, a danger which might well be taken in hand by some of those who are now so busy with other remedies of a highly controversial character. For British railway boards, lulled by the satisfactory feeling of being masters of the situation at home, overlook the fact that they are really face to face with competition on the part of railways all over the world—if railway rates give the American ironfounder, farmer, or cotton-spinner an advantage over his English rival, English trade will *pro tanto* suffer, and this suffering will inevitably react upon the railway companies.

On the other hand, in businesses like banking and insurance, in which the competition stimulated by the joint-stock system is allowed free play, we find that the advantages secured by connection and favouritism have, as a general rule, least weight; and that the lad of talent and energy, who has only his talent and energy to rely on, has here the best chance of making his way.

The joint-stock system, then, has done this much for the aspirant after commercial success. It has broken down the family party arrangement by which a business was likely to jog along quietly without any suspicion on the part of the management that the introduction of new blood and new methods might be desirable; it has brought into being a body of shareholders who judge the progress of the business by the rough-and-ready test of dividends

and the prices of the company's securities, and have no hesitation in expressing their dissatisfaction and demanding reforms if these tests indicate that all is not well ; it has brought publicity to bear, and has called into being financial criticism, which, if not always above suspicion, is at any rate of some assistance in keeping the industrial machine at high pressure and indicating a system of finance which shall pass muster on a balance-sheet ; and it has, by supplying an ever-ready stream of capital, helped to stimulate competition in a manner that has been highly salutary to industry, although it cannot be denied that the early years of joint-stock activity have brought with them a generous crop of reckless speculation and a certain amount of thorough-paced roguery.

And every one of the improvements here enumerated as due to the development of the joint-stock system has tended to increase the demand for energy and ability among the *employés* of the various industries that it has affected, and so to make smooth the upward path of those who set forth to win success with the help of these qualities alone, unaided by interest or connections.

But the joint-stock system has done much more than this. It has literally created the modern industrial world, which could no more have come into being without the assistance of aggregated capitals than Westminster Abbey could have been built without stones. Much of the enormous development of trade and industry that took place all over the world during the last century would have been impossible without the free supply of capital that the joint-stock system creates. For this democratisation of capital, as I have ventured to term it, has made industry infinitely more enterprising—sometimes undoubtedly too enterprising. 'A man of large wealth,' says Walter Bagehot, 'however intelligent, always thinks, more or less, "I have a great income, and I want to keep it. If things go on as they are I shall certainly keep it ; but if they change I may not keep it." Consequently he considers every change of circumstance a "bore," and thinks of such changes as little as he can. But a new man, who has his way to make in the world, knows that such changes are his opportunities : he is always on the look-out for them, and always heeds them when he finds them.'

It is easy to see that this natural disinclination of a man of great wealth to risk his possessions by new enterprises was a bar to industrial progress which was most opportunely overcome by the development of a system by which great masses of capital could be provided through the aggregation of comparatively small

contributions. Moreover, many of the great industrial facts which have helped to make the enormous turnover of modern commerce possible have involved such masses of capital that the partnership system could not possibly have coped with them. Without the joint-stock principle it is safe to say that seven-eighths of the existing opportunities that lie open for a young man who enters commercial life would not have come into existence at all. For the effects of the system have been world-wide and incalculable. It has called into being the harvests of the River Plate and revived the dead industries of the land of the Pharaohs; it has covered the world with a network of railways, steamship lines, and telegraph cables, and knit the two hemispheres into one great thriving mart. It has made commerce the chief preoccupation of statesmen, and, indeed, threatens to debase humanity by making us think nothing important but money-getting. Some day, perhaps, the world will recognise the enormous debt that it owes to English capital for beginning this great material development. At present, perhaps, it is not irrelevant to point out that alarmists who deplore the commercial growth of other countries may profitably ask themselves how fast that growth would have been if English capital, aggregated and made easily available by the joint-stock system, had not fertilised deserts, built ships and railways, and, in a word, made a market for the rest of the world to trade in.

Still more may the candidate for commercial honours ask himself how many of the opportunities now open to him for winning his way to the top of the tree would have been in existence at all if the development of trade had been left in the hands of the old partnership system, with all its prejudices in favour of the safe side, combined with its secretiveness and absence of healthy criticism which laid it open to the gangrene of unchecked fraud and the sleeping sickness of uncorrected stupidity.

The advantages that the joint-stock system has conferred upon friendless beginners are thus seen to be overwhelming. It has created an enormous field for his activity, and it has made his way easier in the comparatively small fields which were already in existence. The tendency which is at present most marked in its latter-day development—that of combination and amalgamation—still further betters his chance by increasing the demand for the men of marked ability and character who alone can face the great responsibilities incurred by the management of these enormous enterprises. Not long ago a scheme was mooted in the City for a

bank amalgamation which would have raised one of the great banks into a position—judged by the vastness of its liabilities and resources and the huge sweep of its activities—greatly above that of its competitors, all of which have grown very rapidly in recent years, chiefly by this process of amalgamation and absorption. The scheme fell through, to the satisfaction of judicious observers, who thought that this tendency for amalgamation was being rushed too rapidly, and among the reasons that were then mentioned, in the course of the discussion that this incident awakened, as making it undesirable to push the amalgamation system too far, was the difficulty of finding men who had the nerve and the capacity that were required at the helm of such financial leviathans. We may be very sure that when the difficulty of finding men is a factor to be reckoned with, a real man who is beginning at the bottom of the ladder will find little difficulty in making his way up.

And now for the other side of the picture. A young man going into the service of a joint-stock company need not expect to make a gigantic fortune. If he wants to become a millionaire he is choosing the wrong path. For the system, like many other of the tendencies which have within the last century transformed at any rate the external conditions of life, has had a levelling tendency. Just as democracy gives every man a voice in the management of his country's affairs, and an opportunity of shaping its destinies, but limits the power of those who are in command at any given moment, so the joint-stock system gives every office-boy the chance of rising to be managing director, and perhaps chairman at the same time, but leaves him, when he is at the top of the tree, a servant of the company and in receipt of emoluments which ought to be handsome enough to satisfy anybody, but at the same time are much smaller than those which he might be earning if he were at the head of a business which he had built up by his own energy. Sir Thomas Lipton made his business and his millions, and then turned the former into a joint-stock company, which affords opportunities for plenty of young men to 'get on,' and for some few to rise to positions of well-paid responsibility, but gives no scope for those who wish to emulate the economic triumphs of its founder.

The old partnership system kept the profits of the business in the hands of a few partners, who passed it and the profits on to their sons and nephews, and were not likely, except in cases of marked good fortune or extraordinary capacity, to admit any of

their clerical staff within the charmed circle. They formed a commercial aristocracy into which the office-boy could only climb by means of exceptional good luck. But when he did do so, he was, speaking comparatively, better off than his counterpart of to-day who rises to be general manager. Thus the joint-stock system has opened the path more widely to the ambitious aspirant, but it has robbed the prize of some of its gilding. For the profits of the business are divided between the management and the shareholders, and the management, again, is subdivided, being partly in the hands of the officials of the company and partly in those of the directors. It is true that many companies pay their managers a commission on profits, and from this source alone, in the case of successful companies, an income may be earned which will compare favourably with the salaries of Cabinet Ministers; but the fact remains that the greatest prizes of the commercial world are still reserved for those who work for their own hand, and succeed. The big stakes that they sometimes clear are a set-off against the failure of many to make even a decent living, and the servants of joint-stock companies may console themselves with the thought that if the prize that they work for is not so rich, it is very much more easily attainable, and that failure to reach it means, instead of the bankruptcy which is too often the position of the unfortunate single-handed adventurer, merely a position of mediocrity in the rank and file of the great commercial army. It may also, perhaps, comfort them to reflect that a system which provides a large number of people with opportunities for earning a very comfortable competence is much more beneficial to the community at large and to the individuals employed by it than one which dangles before speculative spirits the chance of a few rich prizes and a great many blanks.

In conclusion, perhaps a few words will not be out of place concerning the changes wrought by the development of the joint-stock system with regard to the mental equipment required by young men who go into business with the hope of making their way upwards. It need not be said that the qualities which have always helped a man upwards in all ranks of life—energy, honesty, punctuality, accuracy, willingness, and suchlike—are still the chief requirements, and always will be; these go without saying, and, indeed, the stress of competition makes them more imperatively required than ever. But there are one or two respects in which the joint-stock system, and the developments that are inextricably con-

nected with it, have caused a demand for special qualities on the part of those who hope to win success by serving it.

For instance, it is clear that the process by which the scope of joint-stock activity is every year widened through the constant progress of amalgamation makes a similar widening process in the minds of its servants essential to success. Now that businesses are taking to doing everything for themselves, growing or mining their own raw material, working it up and treating it, dealing with it through all its stages until it emerges finally as the finished product, and then, instead of selling it to the wholesale dealer, marketing it themselves and following it in some cases till it is actually in the hands of the individual consumer, it is obvious that the opportunities offered to their *employés* are infinitely more various when compared with those that were granted by the old-fashioned concerns which handled a commodity through one of its stages and then passed it on to another firm for the next. And the art of getting on in life consists almost entirely in readiness to take a chance when it is offered. Hence one of the first lessons that a youth should learn is the necessity for taking an intelligent interest in, and showing an intelligent knowledge of, all the branches of the business in which he may be engaged. He has to resist as far as possible the tendency to specialisation which is nowadays so oppressively prevalent. I heard a case not long ago of a clerk in an insurance company whose daily task consisted in filling in renewal notices—that is, notices to policy-holders that their premiums were due on such or such a day. On being asked what became of the notices when filled in, he replied, ‘Oh, they go up to room B 13.’ After that, all was a blank to him; what a premium meant, or what a policy was, or what might be the object and possible utility of the task at which he plodded daily, seemed to him to be a matter wholly beyond his ken, a ‘question not to be asked.’

No doubt this youth was an extreme case, but he only carried out to perfection a fault that is universally prevalent. It is difficult to induce a young man to see that it is the early years of his commercial career which will in all probability decide the degree of its success or failure. And it is natural to careless youth to reck little of these things—‘Such a hare is madness the youth to skip o’er the meshes of good counsel the cripple.’ Nevertheless it is impossible to overrate the importance of this wide-eyed intelligence which, not content with casting its daily ledger, or doing its other task on some small fragment of the great machine, sets itself

as early as possible to master the movement of the whole, and to prepare itself to lend a hand in any part of the mechanism, with a view to securing some day the control of the whole organisation. An immediate result of this broadening of the horizon will be an improvement in the handling of the special work that has to be done, and a pleasing increase in the amount of interest that may be got out of it.

And this necessity for a widened intelligence may be carried far beyond the limits of the business in which our young hopeful is engaged. It is not enough that he should master the meaning and uses of the company that he works for, as a whole and not only from the point of view of the department in which he may happen to start. He must recognise as early as possible that a well-trained mind and a broad and well-informed grasp of the general problems of life are essential for the composition of a man who has to face the complicated questions which nowadays confront the successful manager of any business. The cry is all for technical education, an excellent thing in itself, but merely as a handmaid to the only education which makes a man a man. Even in the curing of bacon it pays to have had a good general education—witness a remarkable passage in Sir Horace Plunkett's 'Ireland in the New Century.' 'I must guard,' says this authority, 'against the supposition that in our insistence upon the importance of the practical side of education we are under any doubt as to the great importance of the literary side. My friends and I have been deeply impressed by the educational experience of Denmark, where the people, who are as much dependent on agriculture as are the Irish, have brought it by means of organisation to a more genuine success than it has attained anywhere else in Europe. Yet an inquirer will at once discover that it is to the "High Schools," and not to the agricultural schools, which are also excellent, that the extraordinary national progress is mainly due. A friend of mine who was studying the Danish system of State aid to agriculture found this to be the opinion of the Danes of all classes, and was astonished at the achievements of the associations of farmers, not only in the manufacture of butter, but in a far more difficult undertaking, the manufacture of bacon in large factories equipped with all the most modern machinery and appliances which science had devised for the production of the finished article. He at first concluded that this success in a highly technical industry by bodies of farmers indicated a very perfect system of technical education.

But he soon found another cause. As one of the leading educators and agriculturists of the country put it to him : " It's not technical instruction, it's the humanities." An almost equally remarkable testimony to the importance of general education for commercial purposes is the fact that the least sleepy of the English railway companies is at present endeavouring to secure the services of men with a university training on its administrative staff.

And lest these propositions should discourage those who have had to start a commercial career with little or no education in the humanities behind them, I may, perhaps, point out, though thereby wandering a little beyond the scope of my subject, that such education can, and in fact must, be given by every man to himself. It is impossible to pursue this matter further, but one word of negative counsel may be given—nearly all of us could greatly improve the condition of our minds, and add considerably to the leisure that we have available for mental development, by ceasing to read rubbishy periodical literature.

Finally, the aspirant after commercial success must remember that since the joint-stock system has massed the industrial army in battalions instead of units, a knowledge of men and how to deal with them, and get their best work out of them, is a matter of ever-increasing importance to the successful organiser of victory.

GEORGE YARD.]

ON WEIGHING ATOMS.

To those who cull their knowledge of current science partly, at least, by means of occasional glances at more or less distorted images of single facets, such as are to be seen from time to time in the columns of the daily papers, I fear the title of this article may suggest that it is somewhat belated. Atoms! I hear them say, what is he thinking about? There are no atoms now, they have all been cut up into electrons and corpuscles. Who cares about the weights of the atoms at the beginning of the twentieth century?

And yet never, perhaps, since Dalton propounded his atomic hypothesis a century or so ago has the existence of these hypothetical particles seemed quite so probable, quite so believable as to-day. True it is that within the last few years some of our ideas about the chemical atoms have been modified profoundly. The hydrogen atom is no longer considered the smallest particle. If radium be indeed an element—and no one can deny that it exercises many of the functions of an element—then the atoms of Dalton can no longer be regarded as indestructible individuals, but rather must be looked upon as congeries of still smaller bodies, each atom forming a kind of diminutive heavenly system, so to speak, such as we might picture to ourselves by thinking about what we should see, or of what we should not see, if we gazed upon the heavens through the wrong end of an immense and powerful telescope. Yet, after all, the idea of the chemical atom remains, and the part it plays is not less but even more important than of yore. Still, the basis of most chemical speculation, the hydrogen atom, now, in addition, affords the physicist a jumping-place, whence he may start on some of his amazing flights into the regions where matter, energy, and electricity dissolving, as it were, into one another, almost escape the scrutiny even of his penetrating glances.

Here, then, is my excuse—and you have only to read Professor J. J. Thomson's lecture on 'Bodies smaller than Atoms' to see that it is a good excuse—for asking the readers of the CORNHILL to hark back, and dwell for a moment on such

an old-time subject as the methods of weighing the chemical atoms.

In the last number of the CORNHILL I endeavoured to give those who are interested in matters of this kind a peep into the processes by which science has succeeded in weighing the earth, the sun, and other members of the heavenly constellations. The great difficulty, or rather one of the great difficulties, in weighing the earth is its bigness. We not only cannot by any means get the earth into a scale pan, but we cannot even form a mental picture of such a process. When we contemplate the exploit of weighing an atom our difficulties are of the same order, but of the opposite kind. For atoms, if they exist, are far too small to be isolated. Think how many chemical atoms go to make up a single cubic centimètre of water, that is about as much as would go inside the shell of a small filbert, say, about 90,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 (ninety thousand million billion), and you will realise the nature of the task which John Dalton, of Manchester, presented to science when, by formulating his Atomic Theory, he made it an object to determine the sizes and masses of the atoms of the elements. How were Davy, Wollaston, and their colleagues, expert experimenters though they were, to perform a feat like this with the means then at their disposal? How were they to weigh bodies that could not be seen by means of the most powerful microscopes, nay, to be exact, bodies which very possibly might exist only in the minds of Dalton and his followers? Let us see how this task has been accomplished.

From the earliest times philosophers have pondered on the constitution of matter. Does everything consist of grains held together by some attracting force, or is matter continuous, homogeneous, much as a jelly seems to be to the human eye? That is the question. The poet-philosopher Lucretius and others among the ancients, and in more recent days the great Newton, ranged themselves on the side of the atoms; the latter declaring that to him it seemed probable 'that God in the beginning formed matter in solid, massy, hard, impenetrable, moveable particles, . . . and that these primitive particles, being solids, are incomparably harder than any porous bodies compounded of them; even so very hard as never to wear or break in pieces, no ordinary power being able to divide what God Himself made one in the first creation.' And, finally, John Dalton, the greatest of the 'Atomists,' as those who upheld the grained structure theory of

matter were once designated, placed the atomic hypothesis on a firm foundation by showing how it might be applied to the elucidation of chemical phenomena.

Let it be admitted that the matter of the universe is composed of minute, invisible particles, which have never been broken down or destroyed in the various physical and chemical changes to which we have subjected them, except conceivably in certain special cases connected with radio-active change. Let it be admitted, further, that there are as many kinds of atoms as there are chemical elements, say, about eighty, and that the weight of the atom of each element differs from that of the atom of every other element known to us. Then the question is, How can we compare the weights of these eighty different kinds of atoms?

Dalton himself made courageous attempts to solve this problem. But he was at a great disadvantage. He was able to give us reasons for thinking that the weights of the atoms of different elements are unequal, but to weigh them correctly was not yet possible in his time. In some cases he was able to state, approximately, the proportions in which the better known elements combine. He knew, for example, that in water one part of hydrogen is united with eight of oxygen.¹ But Dalton and his colleagues could not tell us whether these proportions of hydrogen and oxygen correspond to the union of one atom of hydrogen with one atom of oxygen or to the union of two atoms of hydrogen with a single atom of oxygen, or to some other more complicated arrangement. And thus for a long time but little progress was made, except perhaps in Italy, where the delicate perceptions of Avogadro enabled him, as early as 1811, to recognise the existence of a silken thread which might have guided us into the right path many years before most of the chemists actually walked there.

Is it not plain that if all matter consists of minute indivisible particles which conform to a very limited number of types, and if all the thousands of compounds known to chemists are produced by the joining together of these atoms in various numbers, then there must be two distinct classes of particles to be considered—first, the atoms, and, secondly, various groups of atoms; each particular group probably corresponding to a given element, or to a given compound substance? In these latter groups, the *molécules intégrantes* of Avogadro as distinguished from the

¹ Dalton's value was somewhat lower than this.

molécules élémentaires or atoms, we have the molecules of the modern chemist.

The obvious distinction between the atoms and molecules of the gaseous elements was recognised by Avogadro and Ampère at a very early stage. But it so happened that in their hands it was only fruitful when applied to the gases. And thus a quarter of a century elapsed before their ideas on this subject, and before Avogadro's famous hypothesis on the constitution of the gases, which teaches us that 'in all elastic fluids'—gases—'observed under the same conditions the molecules are placed at equal distances,' bore their predestined fruit in the hands of his eminent successor, Jean Baptiste André Dumas and of those who followed him.

As it would be impossible within the limits of half a score pages to give even a passing glance at the individual labours of the small army of chemists who have struggled with the problem of weighing the atoms, we will now drop the historical details of our subject, and turn our attention to its broader aspects.

Let us see exactly where we stand. According to the teachings of Avogadro, Ampère, Dumas, and the modern chemist, matter exists in two distinct states of subdivision. First, there are the atoms, which as far as we know are quite indivisible by chemical means. Secondly, there are groups of atoms held together by some kind of attraction, and constituting the larger particles called molecules—a definite group corresponding to each element and to each compound; the distinction between elementary and compound molecules in terms of the atomic hypothesis being this, that in each of the former all the atoms are similar, and that the molecule may even consist of a single atom, whilst the molecules of compounds must contain, every one of them, atoms of at least two different kinds. Then, in addition, Avogadro's hypothesis teaches us that equal volumes of gases, if measured at the same temperature and pressure, contain equal numbers of molecules. This last statement is not absolutely true, but it approaches the truth sufficiently nearly for our purpose. It holds equally when applied to elementary gases like oxygen and hydrogen and to compounds like steam, which is composed, as we know, of oxygen and hydrogen, provided that the steam is really in the gaseous state, that is, if it is at a sufficiently high temperature.

Now, what Avogadro's hypothesis does for us is this. It

enables us to get round the difficulty created by the excessive minuteness of atoms and molecules. Because if equal volumes of two gases contain equal numbers of molecules, then from the behaviour of these equal volumes, or of any other known volumes of these gases, when they react with one another or with other gases, we can draw conclusions as to the behaviour of single molecules. For example, under suitable conditions two volumes of the gas hydrogen will combine with one volume of oxygen, and produce two volumes of water in the form of steam. It does not matter what volumes are taken; they may be cubic inches, pints, gallons, cubic centimètres, what you will, provided that they correspond to the proportions mentioned above.

Now suppose that in a given case the one volume of oxygen contained one billion molecules of oxygen. Then would it not follow from Avogadro's hypothesis that the two volumes of hydrogen contained two billion molecules of hydrogen, and that the two volumes of steam produced by their combination contained two billion molecules of steam?

But if this is so, then one billion molecules of oxygen will unite with two billion molecules of hydrogen and yield two billion molecules of steam; or, dividing each of these numbers by one billion, we find that one molecule of oxygen will unite with two molecules of hydrogen and produce two molecules of steam.

Thus, the hypothesis affords us a bridge, as it were, by which we can pass from large volumes of gases which we can handle to the minuter molecules, which individually are invisible, intangible, and only to be clearly conceived, in fact, by the exercise of a well-trained imagination.

Before we proceed to apply the teachings of Avogadro in our attempt to solve the problem of weighing an atom, there is one other illustration which will help us to realise its value. It is easy to see that in each molecule of a compound there must be at least one atom of each constituent element, and, accordingly, that such molecules must be made up of two, three, four, or some larger number of atoms. But it is by no means equally easy to form an opinion about the molecules of the elements; to decide, for example, whether these consist of single atoms or of pairs, of triplets, or of yet more complex groups. Now this is a question of considerable importance.

We know, as has already been explained, that one volume of

oxygen will combine with two volumes of hydrogen and produce two volumes of steam, or, substituting as before molecules for volumes, that a molecule of oxygen will unite with two molecules of hydrogen and yield two molecules of water in the form of steam. This tells us just what we want to learn. For since there must be at least one atom of oxygen in each of these two molecules of water—that is, two atoms of oxygen in the two molecules of water taken together—it is clear that the molecule of oxygen from which they were produced must itself have contained at the very least two such atoms, for it would be inconsistent with the whole body of chemical knowledge to suppose that a single atom of any kind is created in the course of any chemical change. By similar experiments, supplemented by similar reasoning, we can arrive at the constitution of other elementary molecules, and we find that while hydrogen molecules and many others are diatomic like oxygen, others again are differently constituted, some, *e.g.* ozone, the more active phase of oxygen, being composed of three atoms, others of four, and so on; whilst some, for example quicksilver and argon, have molecules which are composed of single atoms.

Before we may hope to follow the processes, simple as they are in principle, involved in weighing an atom, we have still to gain a really definite idea of what it is we want to weigh. At present we are too nearly in the position of the chemists of a century ago, for it was just the want of a really definite and correct idea of an atom that made it so difficult for Dalton and his immediate successors not only to fix atomic weights, but even to argue with one another comfortably about them. Let us, then, endeavour to throw our notions into a more precise form.

Everyone is familiar with the element carbon, which exists in the forms of soot, diamond, and black lead. Most of us know that carbon is one of the most important of all the elements; that its compounds are vastly more numerous than those of any other single element, and perhaps more numerous than those of all the other elements taken together; that it is one of the chief components of the tissues of all animals and all vegetables. And some, perhaps, are aware that many of the carbon compounds are gases, or become gaseous at high temperatures, and that, consequently, this element lends itself well to our purpose. Therefore, let us try to answer the question, What do we mean, exactly, by an atom of carbon?

Since atoms have never yet been divided in ordinary cases of chemical change, and since they unite to form the larger and more complex individuals called molecules, one thing seems quite clear. If we can discover what is the smallest quantity of carbon that is present in any one of the molecules which contain carbon, we shall have a quantity which must correspond to the weight of one, two, or more atoms of that element: a weight which may be greater than that of an atom of carbon, and, if so, must be an exact multiple of its atomic weight, but which cannot be less than the weight of a single atom of carbon, since no molecule can contain less than an atom of any constituent element. These considerations carry us a step forward, and plant our feet on comparatively firm ground, but they leave us in need of a standard of reference.

In the earliest attempts to compare the 'weight' of the earth with the weights of the heavenly bodies, it was found impossible, for a time, to express the values calculated from astronomical observations in accordance with any of the common standards such as the gram, the ounce, or the pound. Accordingly, the earth itself was adopted as the standard, and was said to have the density 1; the density of the sun, which is one quarter as great as that of the earth, being expressed by the figures 0.25, that of Venus and Mars as 0.9, and so on. We meet with exactly the same difficulty in the case of the atoms. It is true that it is possible to make shrewd guesses at, or perhaps I might say to estimate, the weights of atoms, and one of these estimates puts the weight of an atom of hydrogen, for example, at about the forty-million-million-millionth part of nine one hundred-thousandths of a gram, a gram being $15\frac{1}{2}$ grains; but for several reasons it is thought sounder to take an atom of hydrogen as our standard, and, for the sake of simplicity, to say that this weighs 1; hydrogen being chosen because its atoms are the lightest, although there are certain practical objections to the selection.

Now suppose we were to obtain and analyse samples of all the compounds formed by hydrogen with other elements, and also samples of every compound containing carbon, and in this way ascertained the respective proportions of hydrogen and carbon in 100 parts of every compound. And suppose, further, that we determined also the weight of the molecule of every one of these compounds. Then, by doing a number of sums in proportion we

could find what proportion of hydrogen is present in a molecular weight of each compound containing hydrogen, and what proportion of carbon is present in a molecular weight of every compound containing carbon. If we did all this I think we should discover the smallest quantity of carbon in a molecular weight of any carbon compound to be twelve times as great as the smallest quantity of hydrogen in a molecular weight of any compound of hydrogen, and I express this opinion by saying that atoms of carbon are twelve times as heavy as atoms of hydrogen.

In practice, however, we have to content ourselves with something far less exhaustive than the tremendous research outlined in the previous paragraph. There are thousands and thousands of compounds containing carbon and hydrogen. We do not know the composition of all these compounds, and we do not know their molecular weights in every case, and therefore we must be satisfied with some scheme far less ambitious than the ideal one which I have put before you. We might, for example, find the composition and molecular weights of as many compounds of carbon and of hydrogen as circumstances permit, and then, because we can do nothing better, take for the weight of an atom of carbon the smallest quantity of carbon we have found in a molecular weight of any compound containing carbon, compared with the smallest quantity of hydrogen found in a similar manner in a molecular weight of any compound containing hydrogen. The atomic weight of carbon thus arrived at is 12. If we extend the idea of an atom as thus defined to the other elements, you will see we may say that the atomic weight of any element is the smallest weight of that element yet discovered in any molecule containing it compared with the atomic weight of hydrogen ascertained in a similar manner and taken as 1. In short, the atomic weights of the chemists give us the relative weights of the atoms. They tell us that carbon atoms are twelve times as heavy as hydrogen atoms, oxygen atoms sixteen times as heavy, and so on; but since we do not definitely know how many hydrogen atoms go to make a gram, we cannot give any similar information about the weights of the other atoms either. We are not, in fact, quite so far advanced in the process of weighing the minute atoms as in that of weighing the great globe, the earth. Nevertheless, even in this direction, as has already been said, a certain amount of progress has been made.

I hope that now my readers have gained in a general way a tolerably distinct idea of what we mean by the weights of atoms, and that they realise the part played by Avogadro's hypothesis in fixing these weights. If equal volumes of two gases contain equal numbers of similar molecules, is it not clear that the weights of these equal volumes must be proportional to the weights of the individual molecules which compose them; and that if we desire to learn the compositions of the molecules of the two substances we have only to analyse equal volumes of them in order to discover what we wish to know?

Guided by these considerations, we see that to ascertain the relative atomic weight of an element we must analyse as many compounds of the element as possible, deduce the molecular weights of these compounds from their densities¹ in the gaseous state, as indicated by the famous hypothesis of Avogadro; and then take as the atomic weight of the element the quantity present in a molecular proportion of that compound which contains the element in the smallest proportion. The actual process of weighing an atom is not, truly, by any means so simple as my words suggest. There are two serious sources of error. First, it is not easy, though it has been done in some cases, to compare the weights of equal volumes of gases very exactly. Hence molecular weights based upon the densities of gases are apt to be less close to the truth than we could wish. Secondly, much depends on the chemist including among the compounds he analyses that particular compound which contains the element he studies in the smallest proportion; on his being able to prepare that compound in a highly purified state; on its being a substance which lends itself to exact analysis, and also one whose vapour density can be determined. Thus there are many pitfalls, and failure, as you will perceive, on any single point may be fatal to the final result.

Some one has said that an essayist is, or ought to be, an ambassador from the realms of literature, science, or art. I take it to be the business of such an ambassador to enlighten rather than to teach; that it is his duty to treat the subject of his essay broadly rather than minutely; to avoid rather than to revel in details; and, above all, to put aside every kind of technicality if he can possibly create the impression he desires without it. He may even invent illustrations, and use his inventions in the place of real cases in order to keep clear of the complexities which

¹ The weights of equal volumes of gases are known as their densities.

so frequently overlie scientific investigations and hide the truth from those who look on from the outside. And I ought perhaps to confess here that in the preceding pages I have exercised my function as an ambassador in a liberal spirit; that though I have given, as I believe, a true picture of the ideas on which the method of weighing atoms is based, my account of the matter is really a picture and not a photograph. So little is this account photographic, in fact, that if, within the next few days, any of my readers should turn over the pages of a book on the fixing of atomic weights, they might perhaps rub their eyes and wonder what bearing the matter in the book could possibly have on the process of atom-weighing as described in this article. Nevertheless, my account is not a dream; it really tells you what the chemist tries to measure in his researches on the weights of atoms, and shows, in outline, the foundations on which his methods of compassing his object rest. But having now broken ground, and given, as I hope, sound ideas if but little knowledge of our subject, I shall treat the remaining portions somewhat differently.

I have already said how very difficult it may be to follow precisely the line of work suggested in the earlier parts of this essay. Even if this were not so, however, we should still seek light from other directions. In science, as in the law courts, we are compelled sometimes to rely upon the evidence of a single witness—that is, on a single fact. When two facts seem to be in conflict, we may be driven to decide which is the more credible of the two. But we prefer, of course, to have independent confirmatory evidence before us, and as much of it as possible. Hence ever since the problem of weighing the atoms was first seriously attacked, chemists have been on the look-out for new methods. We want, first, further methods of weighing molecules, so that the ideas expounded above may be applied in the case of substances which have not been made gaseous—that is to say, to cases which are not covered by Avogadro's hypothesis; and, secondly, science demands further methods of weighing atoms, in order that we may control the results obtained by working along the lines already suggested.

Fortunately, as we shall see, atoms and molecules have other measurable qualities besides mass, and thus the resources we seek are at our disposal. These resources, in fact, though not exactly abundant, are sufficiently varied and extensive to compel us, here,

to restrict our attention to a few illustrations. First, let us consider the case of the molecules.

Avogadro has shown us how to deduce the relative weights of the molecules of gaseous substances from their densities, but unfortunately many substances cannot be made gaseous. Raoult, the French physicist, has come to our aid here, and has taught us how to weigh the molecules of substances when they are dissolved in water or other solvents.

Unfortunately, again, some substances, when heated to the point at which they turn into vapour, do not merely undergo a physical transformation like that which occurs when water is converted into steam, but are for the time being destroyed—that is, converted into new things altogether—with the result that if we calculate the weights of their molecules from their densities we draw completely wrong conclusions. Chemists have learnt how to detect these substances, however, and, moreover, have invented chemical methods of weighing molecules which can be applied to these and other cases of a similar kind. These two examples are very far from sufficient; they do not exhaust our resources nor do they fully cover the ground. But they will give a good idea of our resources, and, the reader's time and probably his patience being limited, they must suffice.

Raoult's beautiful method of weighing molecules is based on the freezing-points of solutions. Everyone knows that sea water freezes much less readily than river or spring water. This is due to the solid matter which sea water contains. And it is a curious and interesting fact, speaking generally, that adding a little foreign matter, such as sugar, to pure water not only lowers the freezing-point of the latter, but acts in such a way that the effect produced is very simply related to the molecular weight of the solid dissolved, except in the case of solutions which conduct electricity. It may sound almost absurd, but is nevertheless true, that by observing the temperature at which a dilute solution of sugar freezes a chemist can determine the weights of the molecules of sugar compared with the weight of an atom of hydrogen. The process cannot even be said to be very difficult, for quite respectable results can be got by capable schoolboys after a little practice. All that is wanted is a chemical balance, a delicate thermometer, a few glass tubes and basins, some ice, and the power to use them. Nor is the idea of the method difficult to follow. If you take half a dozen suitable substances, all of

known molecular weight; dissolve weighed quantities of each separately in known quantities of water, so as to obtain dilute solutions; observe the temperatures at which these solutions freeze, and then, from your results, calculate the freezing-points of a set of similar but stronger solutions containing respectively a molecular weight in grams¹ of each solid to one hundred grams of water, you will find in every case that the calculated freezing-point is not far distant from -19°C . There are exceptions to this rule, but these can be accounted for; and thus, if we can determine the number of grams of a given substance which must be dissolved in 100 grams of water in order to produce a solution which will freeze at -19°C ., we shall have its approximate molecular weight, unless the substance belongs to one of those classes which are known not to conform to Raoult's rule. Other solvents may be employed in place of water, and other physical properties—*e.g.* the temperature at which solutions of known strength boil—can also be made use of, but we must not dwell upon these here.

Soon after Dumas re-directed attention to the methods of applying Avogadro's hypothesis to the weighing of molecules, it was found that in certain cases it led to results which chemists were quite unable to accept. This brings us to a chemical method of weighing molecules.

The vapour density of sulphuric acid suggests that its molecule must be forty-nine times as heavy as an atom of hydrogen. Now no chemist can admit that this is correct.

When sulphuric acid is mixed with an alkali, such as soda, in certain proportions its acid qualities are destroyed—it is, as we say, neutralised—and if we analyse the new substance thus produced we find that the hydrogen of the original acid is gone and the metal sodium reigns in its stead. If, however, we vary the amount of soda used, if we take half as much soda as is necessary to neutralise a given weight of acid, or twice as much, or one-third as much, and so on, we discover, sooner or later, that we can get two distinct salts from sulphuric acid and soda, and no more. We find, moreover, that in one of these salts all the hydrogen of the acid is replaced by sodium, in the other only half. Now, if the hydrogen in the molecules of the acid exists there in the form of indivisible atoms, as the atomic theory asserts, does it not follow, since we can only expel this hydrogen in two

¹ The molecular weight of 'common salt' is 58.3; its molecular weight in grams, accordingly, is 58.3 grams.

stages, first one half and then the second half, that each molecule of the acid must contain two atoms of hydrogen, no more and no less? But if this is so, if each molecule of sulphuric acid contains exactly two atoms of hydrogen, then that weight of acid which contains these two atoms—that is, for practical purposes, two parts of hydrogen—will be its molecular weight. Now analysis shows that ninety-eight parts of sulphuric acid contain two parts of hydrogen, and the chemists therefore say that its molecular weight is 98, not 49.

Perhaps you may ask, Does not this force us to abandon Avogadro's hypothesis? No, it does not do this. It only warns us to take care that we do not apply it to the case of a substance, like sulphuric acid, which splits up when heated. And as usually it is not very difficult to detect such substances, Avogadro's hypothesis stands unshaken.

And now we must consider, in conclusion, one or two other characteristic properties of the atoms which we can apply in the operation of weighing them. One of the most remarkable and important of these, which can only be mentioned in passing, is connected with the shapes of the crystals into which they enter; another of equal importance, and more easy for laymen to follow, is their capacity for heat.

There is a familiar experiment in physics which consists in making several balls equal in weight but composed of different metals equally hot by placing them in boiling water and then quickly transferring them to a slab of wax. When this is done the metallic masses sink into the wax at very different rates, some melting much wax and making large holes, others melting little wax and making holes which are smaller. This is due to the fact that equal weights of different metals take up unequal quantities of heat when their temperatures rise through equal numbers of degrees, say, for example, from 0°C. to 100°C. , and therefore, in accordance with a well-known principle, give out unequal quantities of heat during the subsequent process of cooling. About the year 1819 it occurred to Dulong and Petit to consider the effect of taking, instead of equal weights of the elements, atomic weights, or rather quantities proportional to their atomic weights. Thus, the atomic weight of iron being 56 and that of copper and tin 63 and 118, they did not study the behaviour of 1 gram or of 10 grams of each, but that of 56 grams of iron, 63 grams of copper, and 118 grams of tin. The result was very remarkable.

They found that the quantity of heat required to raise an atomic proportion of a metal from 0°C. to 100°C. , or through any corresponding range of temperature, was nearly the same in each case. Here, then, we have a new and splendid criterion to help us to fix atomic weights. The atoms of the elements have, approximately, equal capacities for heat. If a certain quantity of heat is required to raise an atomic proportion, say, 56 grams, of iron from the freezing-point to the boiling-point of water, then an approximately equal quantity of heat will be needed to raise an atomic proportion of any other metal through an equal range of temperature. When once this quantity of heat has been fixed, then to find the atomic weight of a new element we have only to ascertain by an experiment, not a very easy one however, how much of the new element absorbs this quantity of heat in passing from 0°C. to 100°C. This is, in effect, the famous rule of Dulong and Petit. The results obtained by its aid are not very exact, because the necessary experiments are not easily carried out under suitable conditions. But this does not very much matter, for we have the means of correcting them. A more serious defect lies in the fact that whilst the rule applies well to the metals, which form the majority of the elements, it does not do equally good service in the case of such elements as carbon, silicon, and boron. But here, again, forewarned is forearmed. We have only to be cautious when we study non-metals, and no harm will befall. Dulong and Petit's rule has done chemistry great service.

One more illustration, and I have done. From early days chemists have been in the habit of arranging many of the elements in groups or families according to their resemblances. When studying these groups they gradually recognised signs that there exists some connection between the properties and atomic weights of the members of these groups, and in 1864 an Englishman, Mr. J. A. R. Newlands, was on the verge, as it seems to us now, of fully discovering the law subsequently worked out by Professor Mendeléeff in Russia and by Professor Lothar Meyer in Germany, now widely known as the Periodic Law, which enabled the former to predict the existence of a number of elements and to foretell their chief chemical and physical properties *and their atomic weights*. According to this law the properties of the elements vary periodically with the weights of their atoms, so that if they are arranged in the order of their atomic weights similar elements recur at somewhat regular intervals; the eighth

element resembling the first, the ninth resembling the second, and so on, which enables us to foretell the properties of an element if we know its atomic weight, or to foretell its atomic weight if we are acquainted with its properties. This state of affairs seems unlikely to be the result of mere accident—the chances against that are too great—and thus it affords us a distinctly useful means of checking atomic weights selected upon other considerations. The Periodic Law does not by itself enable us to make close determinations of the weights of atoms. But this does not much matter. For in every case, in practice, the actual selection of the atomic weight of an element is controlled by the fact that, as any given atom in combining with hydrogen must unite with one, two, or more atoms of hydrogen, the true atomic weight of the element must be an exact multiple of the quantity which will combine with a single atom or one part of hydrogen. This, however, brings up another subject—viz. the methods of fixing ‘the combining numbers’ of the elements, which is far too big a matter to touch at this stage.

W. A. SHENSTONE.

SYLVESTER EVE.

MIST in the hollow and dusk on the hill !
 Islands of tree-tops peer through the gray,
 Washed by the waves of a sea that is still,
 Stirred by no breath of the busier day.

Silence of winter meets sadness of eve,
 Pale, with no splendour of sunset and frost ;
 Silvery-sombre the tissue they weave !
 Out of the dreams of the days we have lost.

Stillness around and below and above !
 Save once when loud in the leafless boughs—
 Is it sudden wings of a scared wood-dove,
 Or the passing soul of the year that I rouse ?

Once the far bells from the village unseen
 Steal through the deadening wreaths of the fog ;
 Once through the drip from the beech-boughs lean
 Home calls in the bark of the farmyard dog.

You in the valley and I on the hill
 So are beset by impalpable powers,
 Blinding our senses, frustrating our will,
 That vainly we seek the true eyes that seek ours.

Hands may embrace not and eyes may not see ;
 Blind worlds may part us, and darkness unmoved ;
 Yet what if unclasped and unknissed we must be,
 So the heart carries inly the presence beloved ?

L. H

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF ACTIVE SERVICE.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL T. MAUNSELL, C.B.

It has been my fortune, in a varied career, to have taken part in two great campaigns, now long since past, though not forgotten, and to have borne my share of risks and chances on famous battle-fields in widely different parts of the world. I have elsewhere recalled my own personal experiences of the Punjab campaign of 1848-49, when, as a lieutenant of the 32nd Regiment, I was present at the first and second sieges and final storming of Mooltan, the battles of Sourjkoond and Goojerat, and was twice wounded in the stiffest fighting of a hard-fought war. Of these incidents I can speak as one of the few survivors left after a lapse of almost sixty years, and when the fame of more recent fight has dimmed the recollection of great victories won when the last long reign was but at its commencement. Matters are happily somewhat different with regard to that second and greater campaign in which, seven years later, I found myself engaged. The memory of the Crimean war—its rigours, its hardships, its suffering and glory—is yet fresh and green, and the ranks of the veterans, though thinning year by year, still number many a hale and hearty old warrior who in his youth has charged the hill of Alma or served in the trenches before Sebastopol.

Nevertheless, as the recounting of brave deeds seldom palls, and since there are certain twice-told tales that yet merit a further repeating, it is possible that the personal experiences of one who served many months through that bitter, glorious war, through the blackest times of the Crimean winter, and the wildest days before beleaguered Sebastopol, may not be without interest now, when the methods and conditions of warfare have changed so completely that, to the rising generation, the story of the Russian war sounds as unfamiliar as do the battles of the eighteenth century.

It was not as an officer of the 32nd that I again took the field. In the interval, having gained my promotion as captain, and being desirous of recruiting my health, somewhat shattered by wounds and the Indian climate, I had exchanged into the 28th, then

quartered in England, and had passed the intervening years at various home stations. It was while I was in Yorkshire, in the year 1853, that the first low mutterings of the impending storm of the Russian war began to make themselves heard, and as time went on and the danger drew ever nearer we were moved to Preston, where the whole regiment was concentrated, and shortly received the order to embark at once at Liverpool on board the *Niagara* for Malta.

In those days, when, for the first time for forty years, a great Continental war seemed imminent, popular enthusiasm ran very high, and I well remember the wild excitement of the huge crowd that lined the streets of Liverpool as we marched from our train to the tenders which should convey us to the *Niagara*, anchored a little distance off the harbour. Those were the days when the new-found art of photography was just struggling into existence, and at one spot on the march the regiment was specially halted that a photographic record might be secured. The officers were invited to a dinner that night, given in our honour by the mayor and corporation, but the invitation had perforce to be declined, for the *Niagara* had orders to start immediately, and the moment the embarkation was completed she set sail.

We had a brief and pleasant passage to Malta, where our stay was of but short duration, for we were quickly despatched with many other regiments, forming a division, to Gallipoli. I was not well when we embarked, and by the time we arrived at Gallipoli was so ill that the doctors on board were of opinion I ought not to be landed, but sent straight back to Malta, where the vessel was immediately returning. Rightly thinking I should be vastly disappointed at such a proceeding, however, they decided to allow me to express my own views on the matter. The colonel came to my cabin, therefore, and gave me my choice, and on my promptly deciding to be landed, I was put into a boat with a doctor and taken on shore, and lodged in a perfectly empty room of an unfurnished house in the town.

There were no superfluous luxuries for officers in those days; and when, two days later, as I was somewhat recovering, Sir George Brown, the general commanding our division, sent his aide-de-camp with the thoughtful request to know whether I should like some soup, he found me lying on the bare floor with a soldier's knapsack for pillow. I need scarcely say I very gladly accepted the soup, which I was quite unable to obtain in any

other way. It was very shortly after this, I remember, that a fire broke out in the house opposite, and the street being very narrow, and the danger of a general conflagration great, we were hurriedly driven out of our quarters by a party of French soldiers sent to extinguish the flames. We retired, therefore, to the garden, and took refuge in an onion bed, where we made preparation for breakfast. Dr. Irwin, my doctor, was a good forager, and that morning we happened to have an ample spread; so seeing two strangers, also driven from the house, wandering disconsolate and hungry in the garden, we invited them to share the feast. We had a pleasant enough meal, and presently discovered that one of our guests was General Sir Collingwood Dickson, R.A., while the other was W. H. Russell, the great war correspondent, whose fame was yet to make. Possibly Sir William still keeps a recollection of our breakfast among the onions.

We were two months in tents at Gallipoli, digging trenches and making forts, and then were moved on by steamer to Varna. Here, as will be remembered, the cholera broke out with terrible severity among the troops. It was curious to observe the seemingly erratic behaviour of the disease as it swept through the camp, devastating one row of tents, and leaving the opposite row, perhaps, absolutely untouched. It was while we were at Varna that it was finally decided an expedition should be sent to the Crimea, and, accordingly, on September 7, 1854, the French and English armies, together with a small Turkish force, set sail in a huge fleet of steamers, accompanied by vessels of the French and English navies. The sailing of the great fleet, all in perfect order, was a splendid sight, and one not lightly to be forgotten.

The first night after leaving Varna, when not far off Odessa, our steamer became somewhat separated from the rest, and a strange vessel suddenly appearing out of the darkness our captain imagined her a Russian, and gave the order to 'clear the decks for action.' I was rolled up asleep at the time under the big gun at the stern, but was quickly wakened by the alarm, and in a moment we were all hard at work serving out ammunition and preparing for a fight. Meantime our supposed foe was nearing us, and excitement grew; but when our captain hailed her he was astonished by being answered in English from one of our own men-of-war. In a short while, therefore, I was back again under my big gun to finish my night's rest.

Early on the morning of Thursday, September 14, we reached

the long, low strip of beach and shingle on the Crimean coast where we were to land, and on the beach we saw Cossacks, mounted, watching our movements. The vessels were anchored, and the disembarkation at once commenced, my regiment being one of the first put ashore. Before this was completed it was late in the afternoon, and the day, which had begun brightly, turned dull and grey, and finally relapsed into mist and rain, growing heavier as the night wore on. We were taken to our position, which was a grass country, and by the time we got there the grass and ground were drenched through. Still, there was nothing to be done save make the best of it. The regiment was formed into quarter column, and the men lay down that night on the soaking ground by their arms, which were piled ready for instant use. The officers lay down beside them on the pivot flank, without tent or cover of any kind. I walked up and down as long as I was able, but sleep and fatigue compelled me to lie down in the swamp at last. I was asleep instantly, and never awoke till daybreak, but my weight had pressed down the soft ground, and I found the water in a pool all around me. The morning was fine, however, and the sun tolerably warm; and water being near we were able to wash and dry our clothes. Our breakfasts we had in our haversacks, for we were carrying three days' rations on our backs, and soon fires were lighted and water boiling in our mess tins, and our meal of tea—with sugar, but, of course, without milk—biscuits, and cold meat was ready.

On this spot we remained three days, for it took that time to land the whole of the French, English, and Turkish troops with their stores, though without tents. The march then commenced, without opposition till the afternoon, when the cavalry and horse artillery had a slight brush with some Russian Cossacks with guns, who retired. Late in the evening the army halted, after having been put in order of battle in a good position. By right of rank, as a captain, I was privileged to have an extra pair of socks and a tin of preserved soup carried on the company's pony, and after the long march I had my soup heated, and invited a brother officer to join me in the grand entertainment. There was not much variety in the *menu* certainly, but I doubt if a feast were ever better enjoyed, for at least there was no lack of appetite.

Next morning we were up at daylight, and breakfasted and were under arms by six o'clock. We were in brigades and divisions in order for the march, but the French, they said, were not ready, so

our start was delayed until eight. The enemy were at hand, and we moved slowly to keep in order of battle. The Turks were on the right and rear, the French next them, and the English had the left of the whole army—the post of honour.

By eleven o'clock the skirmishers were engaged, and we could see the whole of the Russian position and forces, for the day was exceptionally clear and the sun shining brightly. The Russians from the heights must have had yet a finer view of the advancing armies. At the foot of their position, between the opposing forces, ran the river Alma. The enemy held a few posts and a village in the centre of the position, and some skirmishers were on our side of the river. Our division, which was supporting the two front divisions, was not engaged at the very commencement of the fight, though we were under round-shot fire. Presently, as our skirmishers came up to it, the Russians fired the village and retired across the Alma. The houses blazed fiercely, and, with the firing of the batteries and the troops on both sides, formed a magnificent military picture.

Our regiment was soon now called into action, with the rest of the division, as the allied advance proceeded, and we crossed the river near the bridge which the Russians had lately destroyed. There was one slight beam of the bridge still remaining, over which some of us, myself among the number, succeeded in crossing. It was rather a ticklish matter, however, balancing oneself with difficulty amid a hail of bullets on one narrow plank, and the majority passed through the water. Once crossed we were formed up in quarter column under rising ground, and deployed into line. The chief of the fight was then taking place at the batteries, where the Russians were already retiring; and by the time we were in line and had advanced the enemy were in full retreat.

We were all ready to follow up the flying Russians, and Lord Raglan, as is known, was all in favour of our doing so; but the French had left their knapsacks behind, and would not agree to the proposal, so we halted three days on the battlefield, burying our dead and shipping the wounded, and then the celebrated flank march began. For us it proved a long and arduous day's work, for though we started at eight in the morning the march was not at an end till two the following morning; nor was there then much rest for us, since my company was sent immediately on outlying picket, and by nine o'clock we were once more upon the move.

We were soon in our positions before Sebastopol, and in due course the opening of the trenches began. It was on October 16 that the following order was issued from headquarters :

Ten men will be selected from each regiment this afternoon to act as sharpshooters. Volunteers will be preferred. One captain and two subalterns will be selected from each division, and one non-commissioned officer from each regiment, to take charge of the sharpshooters when called out. These men will parade at 5 P.M. this day at the headquarters of the Third Division to receive instructions. They are to wear greatcoats, forage caps, and belts over.

(Signed) J. B. B. ESTCOURT.

Memo. of Instruction.—General officers and officers commanding regiments will be pleased to explain to the sharpshooters the duty for which they are selected. It is in this case to approach within four or five hundred yards of the enemy's works, and there to establish themselves in an extended order (by single men) under cover of anything which may present itself to afford them protection. They will endeavour to improve their cover behind any natural obstacle by scraping for themselves a hollow out of the ground; and they will carry with them provisions, so that they will be enabled to remain, being under cover, for many hours together, even twenty-four hours, without relief. Whilst so established they will endeavour to pick off the enemy's artillerymen in the embrasures. The approach of the sharpshooters to the spots they will occupy must be rapid and in scattered order, each man acting for himself and exercising his intelligence to the utmost extent of his ability. Each man will select a spot which suits him best, and be guided only by that choice of cover he may find which shall give him an effectual fire into the embrasure.

(Signed) J. B. B. ESTCOURT.

Memo. (extract).—The officer in command of the marksmen of the Third Division must place his men with the most advanced parts of the picquet furnished by the division, and when on duty at Green Hill two-thirds of these men are to be in front of the advanced entrenchments and one-third in advance of that portion of the picquet which is placed on the high road on the right. . . . The value of marksmen's services consists chiefly in checking the opposing artillery and firing into embrasures. The mere exchange of shots with the enemy's marksmen leads to no particular good, and should not be persisted in unless the enemy attempts to advance. . . . The nearer they are to the enemy the better. Everything, however, depends on the genius and efforts of the officer under whom these men are placed; neither is it possible that any duty can be imagined better calculated to elicit and make evident his individual intelligence, as well as that of everyone also under his command,

(Signed) R. ENGLAND, Lt.-Gen., Camp, Sevastopol.

Such was the perilous and adventurous duty for which volunteers were now invited. I immediately offered my services, which were accepted, and I found myself in command of the sharpshooters of the Third Division.

Our duties commenced the very next day, as related by Kinglake in the fourth volume (cabinet edition) of his 'Invasion of the Crimea.' An hour before daylight I paraded my men, for as our

post was to be far in front of the trenches, before the batteries, it was only possible to reach it under cover of darkness, and once there it was equally impossible to leave until nightfall. I led my party, therefore, while it was yet night, in front of the Green Hill trenches, and posted them as required; and when day came, and the firing began, our men, as expected, were enabled to do no little execution amongst the Russian gunners, and very effectually aided in silencing their fire, though at no slight loss to themselves.

On the second or third day of our duty I took thirty sharpshooters to within two hundred yards of the Redan, and posted them there, while I myself, with ten more, took up our positions on the left, overlooking the Woronzoff Road, for I felt certain the Russians would attack us from that quarter. We were then a thousand yards ahead of the trenches, which had advanced 1,200 yards from the Redan. As soon as daylight appeared I could see the enemy had observed us, and soon a party of infantry in skirmishing order were coming down the Woronzoff Road to dislodge us. My ten men kept up a well-directed fire, however, and in a short time the Russians, though doing their best to advance under any cover they could find, were effectually checked. The big guns in the batteries then fired canister, which peppered and whizzed about us, happily, as we had fair cover, without doing much harm. It was somewhat of an ordeal for the nerves, however, and before long I observed three of my men growing fidgety, and whispering suspiciously among themselves. Presently, just as I was directing the firing on the enemy's sharpshooters, my sergeant cried: 'Look, sir, at those men running away! Shall I fire at them?' 'No,' I said. 'Give me your rifle,' and shouting to the men, and at the same time pointing the weapon at them, I warned them that if they did not immediately return I would fire. They saw I was in earnest, and, very much ashamed and crestfallen, they slunk back.

After this the Russians, seeing they had failed to dislodge us so far, sent a body of infantry against our right, which was a manœuvre I had been secretly hoping all along they would omit to make. They attacked us suddenly, and one of my men, who was a little separated from the rest of us, found himself surrounded by four of the enemy. He was a fine, powerful man of my regiment, and he ran one of his assailants through with his bayonet; but in trying to escape from the other three he was forced to jump down a precipice, where he hurt himself severely and smashed his

rifle, but yet managed to limp away. This time there was clearly nothing to be done but shift our position, which we accordingly did, to the other side of the Woronzoff Road, where we were not only undisturbed, but found ourselves still better placed for firing into the embrasures.

This was a typical morning's duty with the sharpshooters. In this fashion the work proceeded day after day and week after week. Every morning I led my little band out to their posts in the cold blackness of the winter's night an hour before dawn. Every evening, when darkness had come, again I led them back, though not the same number. The duty was terribly dangerous, for each morning we had to drive back the enemy's pickets, and all the long day we were under severe fire. Our casualties were very heavy, and out of our little force two were killed and seven wounded on one occasion in a single day. Where the wounded fell there they lay till nightfall, for it was impossible to remove them under the fire of the batteries. However, we had the reward of our labours in seeing how the Russian gunners suffered by our efforts. How much we annoyed them they showed, clearly enough, by continually lowering the guns and firing grape and canister at us, their tormentors; while they were quickly forced to put up mantlings of thick rope as protection while they were loading.

I should like here to mention two acts of courage shown by officers of the Russian sharpshooters opposed to us. On one occasion an officer in our front, and not far off, mounted a height or bank, and stood there, with his arms folded across his chest, reconnoitring our position. I heard one of my men say to his comrade: 'Bill, fire at him!' But the answer was 'No; I couldn't shoot an officer!' I appreciated this sentiment so much that I said nothing, and the Russian officer soon left his exposed position. I think the reason for his not being fired upon was partly the courage he displayed, which our men respected, and partly because it seemed too cold-blooded an action, though as it was war, and we ourselves were under fire, it was, of course, perfectly allowable. On another occasion an officer of the Russian sharpshooters got together some of his men to attack us on our flank, and when near wanted to charge; but his men hung back, and his efforts to get them forward brought him to the front and exposed him entirely to our fire; but not a shot was fired by our party, and he rejoined his men unhurt. These acts, though slight in themselves, deserve, I think, mention.

On November 5 was fought the battle of Inkerman. Some of my regiment were engaged, but others were in the trenches, and I myself was on duty with my sharpshooters, so took no part in the fight. The next morning I walked over the battlefield, where all the dead were not yet buried, and in some places, particularly the 2-gun battery, which had been taken and retaken several times in the day, I saw the bodies, mostly of the Guards, lying three deep. It was extraordinary the number that had been killed instantaneously and stiffened in the positions in which they were when hit. One poor Russian soldier, with a broken thigh, lying on the field, entreated me most piteously in Russian, which I could not understand, but the purport of which was unmistakable, to do something for him. So I got four of our men to carry him to the hospital, an action which was not altogether approved of at the time, since it was thought he should have been left for the Russians to remove ; but he seemed in such agony I felt I could do no less.

Meanwhile the bitter winter was coming on apace. On November 14 a regular hurricane, long to be remembered, swept over the Black Sea and the Crimea, wrecking twenty large vessels outside the harbour, and levelling the whole of the tents of the allied forces. On the gale commencing, my servant, a jolly Irish soldier, was to the fore, and, mallet in hand, was hammering in all the pegs round my tent. Notwithstanding his efforts the pegs were all torn from the ground immediately, and he and I were shortly reduced to hanging bodily on to the canvas, one on one side, one on the other, being alternately lifted off the ground by the violence of the raging gusts. Ultimately, by dint of great exertion, we succeeded in getting the tent-pegs to hold, and proud indeed were we to find that my tent alone of the whole division was left standing. The rest of the camp was a complete wreck. The hospital marquees were down, buildings were unroofed, waggons of stores overthrown, the trenches flooded, and even the regimental big drum had disappeared in a wild blast over a precipice into a ravine.

Curiously enough, that very night, for the first time since September 14, the day we landed, I had partially undressed on turning in. Why I did it I hardly know, for I had only the bare ground, without even a rug, to lie on. Perhaps it was delight at the luxury of having a tent, for these had only lately been supplied us ; perhaps it was to delude myself into the fancy I was really

going to bed. Anyhow, I did it, and it was a thing I never did again during that whole campaign, for when the hurricane came I had no time to dress, and I hung on to my tent in the very scantiest of attire in all the blinding rain and hail that followed.

The actual damage wrought by this awful gale is hard to estimate; for from the destruction at sea of the ships laden with our winter stores arose many of the terrible privations of that cruel winter. Soldiering was deadly earnest in those days. One extra pair of socks comprised my sole spare kit. One pair of boots and the clothes I stood up in (and never took off) served me the whole campaign, and my single pocket-handkerchief I sacrificed to bind up the wounds of my soldier servant, shot beside me before the trenches. A tent I had (though not all the time), but there was absolutely nothing inside it. For cooking utensils I had the lid of my servant's mess tin. In this I made my coffee, served out to us in *green berry*. The difficulty of obtaining provisions was very great. There came a day at last when the half ration of meat was served out *raw*, for it was impossible to cook it. On that occasion, I remember, I was lucky enough to procure some curry powder, with which I plentifully sprinkled the raw meat, and warmed the mixture in the mess-tin lid, and thus procured a dish certainly not to be found in any cookery book.

During the time when it was almost impossible to get any supplies except those served out, a friend of mine, an officer in another division, a little distance off, asked me to dine with him. He had managed to get, somehow, a joint that was called a shoulder of mutton, but it might have been a shoulder of cat, it was so small. It had been roasted—how I don't know. This was the food. For drink we had only the rum served out as rations. What followed, therefore, was not caused by the amount drunk. At ten or half-past I started to get back to my camp. It was snowing very heavily, and the ground was thickly covered and all marks were obliterated. The night, also, was pitchy dark, and though I had a lamp, yet even with its aid I could not see a yard ahead. Very soon I found I was at fault, but continued to walk on until it occurred to me that if I were not careful I might find myself in the Russian lines. I determined, then, that my best plan would be to wait where I was until daylight, and I walked up and down in the same spot till I got so tired I was forced to lie down. Luckily for me, the snow was not then falling so heavily. I covered myself with my cloak, and put the lamp, which was a small one, inside

to keep me warm. Then I pulled the cape of the cloak over my head, and I think in a moment I was asleep. When I awoke it was daylight, and I had no difficulty in finding the camp.

Thus the long and weary winter dragged along. As the trenches drew nearer Sebastopol the sharpshooters got closer to the enemy. There were also the Russian sharpshooters to contend with, and we had many exciting affairs with them, and some personal encounters. Our casualties, as I have said, were heavy, but every evening the gaps were filled up by fresh volunteers, so that the party always went out in full strength. For seventy-six days I led my men, by which time I was one of the very few left unhit of those who had first joined; but on the seventy-sixth day, December 31, while on duty I was severely wounded in the left arm by a rifle bullet, which broke the bone. I was carried by four of my men on a stretcher, right across the open where we were, up to the camp, and it shows the humanity of the Russians to the wounded that they never attempted to fire at us, though they could easily have shot us all.

I was sent at once to the hospital at Scutari, and the trenches now having approached so close to Sebastopol, the sharpshooters were no longer required, and their services were dispensed with. On January 3 the following appeared in the division orders:

The Lieut.-General desires to express his thanks to Captain Maunsell, 28th Regiment, for his zeal and gallantry whilst in charge of the marksmen of the Division, together with his regret that owing to the wound he has received in the trenches the Division has been deprived for a short time of the advantages of Captain Maunsell's useful services.

On arrival at the Scutari hospital—a gigantic building capable of holding some 10,000 men—I was put into a room by myself. There was nothing in the room save two bedsteads, a chair, and an iron stove in the centre, in which was a fire. The bedsteads were without bedding of any kind—not even a mattress; but to one who had lain for months on the bare ground they represented the height of luxury. I had still no covering but the clothes I wore. My shell-jacket had been cut off me when my wound was dressed, but the doctor had drawn it up together again with a few huge stitches of thick, brown string, and in this condition, all blood-stained as it was, I continued to wear it.

Two days after I arrived, two sick officers (brothers) were shown into the same room, and curiously enough—so narrow is the world—we soon discovered their property adjoined mine at

home in Co. Limerick. I remember next day, when the doctor asked us what we should like him to order for us for dinner, one of these officers volunteered that he knew how to make pancakes. We thought it would be good fun and quite a novelty, so assented to his trying. The materials accordingly arrived, and he set to work, we watching his proceedings with deepest interest. I am bound to say the pancakes were not particularly well cooked, and were, to say truth, somewhat indigestible; but we managed to eat them, none the less, and heartily thanked our amateur cook.

Miss Florence Nightingale was at the hospital while we were there, and we often saw her sitting by the bedside of wounded soldiers as we passed down the long corridors in which they lay. Her mission, however, was to the men only, and not to the officers, so that, to our regret, we had no further acquaintance with her.

After I had been in hospital a fortnight there came an order increasing my regiment by four captains. That meant that four subalterns with the regiment were promoted, and as that left it with too many captains the colonel decided to send home to the *dépôt* any captains then in hospital. I accordingly returned to England, where I quickly recovered, and after a short leave of absence found myself again *en route* for the Crimea; but by the time I rejoined the regiment the war was nearly at an end. I had the opportunity of riding with another officer to Simpheropol, the capital town of the Crimea. The Russian officers were most kind to us, driving us everywhere and entertaining us in every imaginable way. I was able, also, to revisit the Alma and Sebastopol, seeing it this time from the inside. All this was deeply interesting to me, of course, and when I left the Crimea for the last time it was with mingled feelings and recollections of the great campaign through which I had passed.

THOS. MAUNSELL, Major-General.

THE TWO HARES.

NIBBY SILKS, that wag of a poaching labourer, had not yet encountered the new constable in the way of business. In the village street he had just politely given him the time of day and slouched past, a squat figure in his corduroys, his tanned, lined face very stolid, while the young policeman looked after him interestedly.

And when Nibby heard the trapped hare call that night—call again and again in the still November air, Nibby scarcely gave a thought to the new constable. He quickly answered in person. He had spied John Ragg setting that trap at dusk, when he himself was on errand similar, and to reap where another had sown was sweet, even though that other was his neighbour John Ragg, who only poached occasionally. But while Nibby yet had the empty trap at his foot and the half dead creature by the neck, and had but one moment crossed the hedge into the grassy lane, he stayed his hand and held himself suddenly still, listening. Over the hedge at his left shoulder a dwindling moon hung low and red in an iron-blue sky, to his right the wood massed dark and solid alongside the lane, and down the lane assuredly someone was coming.

Even then Nibby never *thought*. The word of innocence rose easily to his lips ready for John Ragg as he kicked the trap into the ditch; then he just gave the hare one hurried twist of the neck, and the next moment his deep inside pocket hung full and very warm.

But it wasn't John Ragg. The new-comer strode swiftly and tall, and Nibby suddenly felt himself unpleasantly visible. He glanced up at the black wood and shook his head; he looked away over the field, but the moon smiled in his face derisively; he hitched his ample jacket and cursed himself for not having hidden the hare at the very first sign. It was too late, and since naught else availed he stood hulked in the middle of the lane, his round, close-capped head sunk, and his hands thrust in his trouser pockets spreading his jacket skirts. An inspiration lightened his working mother wit and appealed to his ingrained waggishness—the enemy must have heard.

'Aven't you found 'er, sir?' he asked anxiously, as the constable came up (Nibby could be very civil to authority). 'A little

gal, so I judged; she 'ad most likely lost 'er way 'ome an' was cryin'. No doubt you 'eard?'

'I've heard about *you*,' said the constable.

'I thought it was you a-comin' an' I stopped,' said Nibby cheerfully. 'I said to myself, that's that fine young new sergeant of our'n as my missus allus looks after when 'e passes. She says you're the 'ansomest man; an' I should know your walk anywhere, for I've bin in the militia. I 'appened to be passin' the top o' the lane an' 'eard the little child, an' the poor thing's voice was 'eart breakin'. Shall I 'elp you to look for 'er? 'Adn't we better go one one way an' one another?'

'I think you'd better stay with me,' said the buttoned officer expressively.

'It is lonely,' said Nibby, dropping back slightly, wary of sudden seizure. He was squeezing his pocket with his elbow, for to his horror the hare had squirmed; his hasty hand had been unsure. He had had the same thing happen before, but never *quite* so inconveniently. 'I'm nervous myself,' he said, 'not bein' used; an' if it should be anything else—anything uncanny?—there's queer tales about this lane. You go fust, an' then you'll 'ave the honour.'

The young constable looked a moment away. Suddenly there was a faint 'weke' near by—very near. 'What's that?' he asked, turning sharply.

It was cold, but Nibby felt himself sweating. 'Jist in front of you,' he answered, panting and keeping his elbow close. He dared not loose, and he wondered if he dared squeeze. He held himself bunched—of all half lights the glimmer of a low moon is perhaps the most puzzling. 'I'll go forrard,' he said, 'if you feel you'd like me to. The poor child's quiet now, though—maybe it belongs to one o' them cottages t'other side o' the wood, an' it's found its way.'

'What do you take me for?' asked the policeman.

'You know best, of course,' said Nibby smoothly. 'I don't pretend to understand these night things.' He bent and coughed strugglingly. 'Dear me!' he gasped, doubling himself, 'it's the stuff I took for my colic. If you *should* 'ear me squeak inside, don't mind. When I'm real bad I sometimes drop an' roll while it's on me.' He had smuggled one hand into the outside adjoining pocket and was cautiously feeling for the neck, keeping the other shoulder to the moon. 'An' 'earin' that poor little thing's grievin' voice made me bustle. The little *ain-gel*!' he ejaculated

with a vicious pinch. There was a rasping gurgle about his midriff and he spluttered much. 'I mustn't strain myself,' he said, tapping his chest and shaking his head sadly.

'Take my arm,' said the constable, coming closer.

'No, no,' said Nibby receding quickly. 'Thank you kindly.'

'Pleased to help you,' said the constable.

'Don't press me,' said Nibby, wondering if he were being played with, and what chance he should stand in a race if he jumped for the start. 'Adn't we better be lookin' for that poor dear little lost crittur?'

'A child with four legs,' scoffed the constable. 'I know you and your games—'

He paused, for a long sharp cry came clear. Nibby started too; his own trap was set just in that direction. 'There!' he said, recovering. 'What did I tell you; *now* ain't 'earin' believin'? There it is agin! Comin', comin'!' he shouted. 'All right!'

'Shut up!' said the constable angrily.

'We ought to let it know,' urged Nibby reproachfully.

'That's a hare; you know it is. And so it was before, an' I mean to see who's catchin' em. You come too; an' no tricks.'

'Just to convince you,' said Nibby, wavering between fear and desire. The hare in his pocket was dead—but for its weight he had almost forgotten it—and his ears cocked and his nostrils quivered as the distant hare cried anew. He had to check himself, although every step assured him it was his own trap filled, and he was torn with the thought of losing both prey and steel. He eyed his companion askance, muttering his fiction and hesitating doubtfully; keeping himself slightly in the rear with his bulging pocket on the far side. But the policeman also seemed eager in the new quest, and presently the two turned through the hedge, crossed a stubble field diagonally, and there, over the next hedge and ten yards out, a little mound sat on the fallow. Then the mound became an extended form, leaping and screaming.

'I never did!' ejaculated Nibby. 'You're right; an' what a thing it is to 'ave young 'earin'. Shall I carry it 'ome for you?'

Nibby would have crossed the hedge to the trapped hare, but the policeman checked him sternly. 'We'll wait a bit first and see who comes,' he said, crouching beside the hedge and motioning.

'Eh-h?' said Nibby recoiling. 'Oh, I see, you want to ketch somebody. Then you'll excuse me; I ain't paid for this. It must be nigh ten o'clock, an' there's my colic, an' my old woman, an' my nateral rest.'

'Do you think I'm goin' to let you off to tell all the county?' asked the policeman. 'You stop, an' stop quiet. You'll be rewarded for what you do.'

'I don't wish it,' said Nibby receding.

'Look here,' said the constable threateningly. 'Somebody set that trap, an' I've got you for one. If anybody else comes I shall know; if not I shall want to know a little more about *you*. See?'

'Ah!' said Nibby, taken aback. 'Now you've got me 'ere on the squire's land you mean swearin' away my character! . . . Just so; but it's *mine*. It's all very well for *you*; you'll get smiles from the big pots, an' tips, an' your name in the paper, an' be booked for a rise; all over enticin' with a little, wild, four-legged, poor tortured crittur! . . . All *right*; if you *will* 'ave me stop I must obey the law. An' to think some poor man may 'ear it an' smell roast 'are, an' maybe 'e's got an onion for supper! . . . Eh, close to you? Cert'nly, *cer*-tainly.'

Nibby had manoeuvred further along, designing to hide the hare he carried; but the constable kept him close, and Nibby snuggled dutifully in the hedge beside him. 'You do the watchin',' he murmured. Then suddenly he wondered privately whether John Ragg were abroad, and what he would say when he missed—surly, silent John Ragg—and how he would look! And here he himself lay perforce cheek by jowl with a policeman, watching his own trap with John's hare in his pocket! 'Oh dear!' he gurgled, after his cheeks had puffed a moment. 'It's the—mix-ture!' he gasped, hugging himself, 'orfully sorry. . . . Yes, yes, if anybody comes touch me wi' your foot. Don't poke my in'ards.'

The trapped hare had not cried very many times before the policeman half rose stealthily, and Nibby rose too, and peered over the hedge. A vague dark shape was advancing along by the bank. The shape was that of a man, and from long practice in the dark hours Nibby soon knew the man was John Ragg; but Nibby dared not cough, his pocket was not yet empty. John stopped a dozen yards away and looked round; then, as he stepped in open field decisively, the eager officer moved. Then Nibby jerked a stone, taken from his furnished pocket, with the accuracy of the practised poacher.

John jumped as though he had been shot, and Nibby's features puckered deeply as he throttled a chuckle. The constable turned on him sharply; his face dropped instantly to the most solemn

gravity. In the field John hesitated a moment and then retreated uncertainly.

'What was it?' breathed the constable.

'E smelt you,' answered Nibby wisely. 'E must 'ave caught a full whiff o' bob—o' the law. The wind's that way.'

'Who was it?'

'Uncommon *like* the build of our dear vicar,' muttered Nibby meditatively. 'Eh! what the——?'

The policeman had Nibby by the collar. 'This way!' he hissed, 'he's coming back.'

He constrained Nibby further along the hedge, away, and Nibby dared not resist; for he was nursing his jacket out of danger. 'Lay close!' said the constable intensely; and Nibby did—to his hare.

John Ragg looked down the hedge but saw nothing. He listened but heard nothing. Then he went to the trap and bent over it decisively; and then the constable jumped.

But Nibby jumped first. And he stumbled and tumbled, right before the constable. The two rolled over together, for Nibby clutched the other's tunic and made the fall sure. 'Leave go!' gasped the officer. 'That cussed briar!' ejaculated Nibby, holding tight. 'Leave go!' hissed the officer, struggling and cuffing, for the chase was escaping at speed. 'leave *go*, you fool!'

'You round on me!' said Nibby vengefully. But the constable jerked himself free and jumped off in pursuit. Out in the field was the form of the pursued one, dark against the moon, and running like a man encumbered. Nibby thrust *his* hare in the hedge and ran also, shouting threats against the policeman. But his face was wreathing.

The leader made for the nearest end of the village, four fields off. When he reached the next hedge, beside which ran a narrow brook, there was a splash, and Nibby shouted, 'E's slipped off the plank!' But he showed clear directly.

At the brook Nibby stopped a long moment, but the policeman thought only of the man in front. And the man in front ran lighter, while Nibby ran heavier by the load of a damp hare. Ahead, a glimmer showed in the nearest dark block. The block was a beerhouse just on the outskirts of the village, and the leader ran straight for it. 'E means for the Flower Pot!' chuckled Nibby from the rear. 'That'll be full!'

He did. He dashed through a garden hedge (leading by a few yards only), clattered a moment in the yard, and the next

instant a door slammed. When the officer reached the back door of the inn it was fast. He thundered a moment, and then tore round to the front entrance as furiously. (Nibby, safely in the rear, made another short pause about the inn yard.)

The taproom was a haze of smoke and a reek of earthed clothes, and had seven or eight men in it. The constable looked round savagely and saw John Ragg panting hard.

'It's you!' he said, gripping him by the collar. 'Look at your boots! There, I don't want everybody to swear he ain't just rushed in, because I know different. I've run this man with a hare from the squire's land,' he explained to the landlord, while John exclaimed in surly denial. 'This man bears witness,' he said, as Nibby entered.

'What was 'e doin'?' asked the landlord.

'Watchin' with me.'

'Oh!' said the landlord. The company tittered, and Nibby behind wiped indescrimably.

'I cou'n't swear to my own mother,' he said advancing. He was in his shirt sleeves and had his jacket bunched under his arm. 'What is it, John?' as 'e pitched on *you*? Well, there's no accountin' for some folks. 'E looked at me a bit back as though 'e thought I'd got a brace o' pheasants in my weskit pocket.'

'You looked swelled,' said the policeman sharply.

'I was troubled near my 'eart,' said Nibby chuckling. 'You 'eard?'

'I heard your row.'

'That was my 'firmity,' said Nibby, chuckling more. 'I only 'opes *you*'ll never ketch nothing o' the sort. I should 'umour 'im, John; you see 'ow the poor thing is.'

'What do you mean?' snapped the policeman.

'Don't get red in the face,' said Nibby, who had put off his suavity and looked saucy. 'You forget I'm your mate an' you've clouted me once an' I may be gettin' tired.'

'Ten o'clock, ten o'clock,' said the landlord sharply. 'No row 'ere; outside, please. I wonder you don't set a better example, constable.' The policeman glared, but he ushered John Ragg through the front door promptly.

'You've picked your winnin' post, anyway,' said Nibby approvingly, when everybody was out in the moonlight. The Flower Pot stood on the corner of a space at the end of the village where three roads met. It was not a green, for the landowner whose estate touched there had planted trees where children

used to play, and enclosed them with an iron fence. Nibby lolled back against this fencing with a quart measure in his hand. He had put his jacket on, and looked more swollen than formerly. 'I'll bring the mug back in the mornin',' he told the landlord. 'I trust's I'm not transgressin'?' he said, holding the pot up to the constable. 'Then good 'ealth and better temper.'

'Will you come quiet, or shall I search you now?' said the constable to John Ragg.

'You've no right,' said John sullenly. 'An' you might 'ave begun elsewhere.'

'Sarch the lot,' said Nibby, advancing as the policeman hesitated, for John had stiffened himself. 'Sarch 'em all, I say. 'Ere, stand in a row, you chaps.'

The men waggishly ranged themselves into line from John Ragg and the policeman. They knew Nibby, who placed himself at the other end, pot in hand. 'Shall I give the word?' he asked, touching his cap to the constable. 'My superior officer,' he explained.

'Go home!' said the policeman hotly. 'I've had enough o' your jaw.'

'When I'm savin' of you trouble,' said Nibby reproachfully. 'Dress!' he said sharply to the line. The men straightened themselves. 'On-dress,' said Nibby, 'an' *shake!*' The men guffawed, and the constable swore.

'Let 'em peel an' shake theirselves,' said Nibby persuasively. 'I shall see if anything falls. . . . *Very* well. Trim yer buttons, men. Right about! Dis——! Well, young man,' explained Nibby loftily, 'you can't search 'em against their will, none of 'em. *I* puts 'em on their honour. That's the worst o' policemen, you allus 'ave to teach 'em the law. You see [patting his bulging coat absently], you didn't ketch *them* outside.'

'I can search *you*,' said the maddened officer, gripping Nibby suddenly.

But Nibby was ready. He writhed and jerked himself, and the constable received the contents of the quart pot in his face and over him. While he gasped and dashed it out of his eyes Nibby made off round the railings. The policeman sprang after him and the group yelled.

Nibby made the circuit, leading. As he came round he shouted, 'Clear the course! Clear the course!' and as he passed the inn he brandished the quart pot and flung his arms in extravagant burlesque of frantic speed. 'Back yer fancy!' he yelled, 'back

yer fancy!’ The spectators roared and clapped their hands; they straggled out to watch; they rocked and swayed in mirth; they made curious half-doubled shapes under the moon. Cottage doors clicked round the space, and lighted openings blocked with dark forms showed. A running fire of laughter and cheering followed Nibby as he went.

It couldn’t last. Nibby was caught opposite the Flower Pot, where an eager crowd clustered, for other inns had emptied, and it seemed that half the village was there, buzzing and humming and rejoicing under the mounting moon. They made a dense ring with Nibby and the constable in the centre. Amid a hush of curiosity the policeman felt Nibby’s pocket outside, inside. ‘Ave you done?’ asked Nibby, as his captor withdrew his hand and receded sullenly. ‘Then now allow *me*.’

Nibby took off his coat, and from an immense pocket produced a big wisp of hay. ‘For my complaint,’ he said, shaking it aloft. ‘Don’t go, young man; your master the squire ’ll ’ear in the mornin’. Don’t hurry.’

The furious constable was squeezing through the jeering crowd with difficulty.

‘E pressed me to ’sist ’im in the watchin’,’ said Nibby loudly. ‘I believe ’e set the trap an’ put the crittur in for a draw. An’ ’e clouted me when I slipped an’ accidental upset ’im gently, an’ ’e spilt *my* beer as *I* paid for, an’ ’e insulted my complaint, an’ then ’e tried to take my character away afore my neighbours. Young man,’ declared Nibby solemnly, ‘I shall go ’ome an’ pray for you, an’ I shall take John Ragg with me. Why,’ he asked shrilly, ‘where is John? John *Rag-g*!’

The policeman had got clear and was several yards off, but he stopped. John Ragg was missing.

‘What have you done with ’im, young man?’ called Nibby. ‘Do you think ’e’s gone to see what it was ’ollered when you met me fust? Or what it was that man dropped in the water when we run ’im wi’ that ’are? Do you think *that* was a bundle of ’ay?’

The policeman went off definitely; Nibby went; the company went. But the policeman did not again see John Ragg that night, and John Ragg did not find the hare he had thrown into the brook. And next morning Nibby Silks had for disposal two hares, which he declared ought to be worth an extra sixpence each. ‘They’re ’ares with a ’istory,’ said he.

W. H. RAINSFORD.

THE KING'S REVOKE.¹

BY MRS. MARGARET L. WOODS.

CHAPTER III.

ON the other side of a thick wall of rock a river, swollen with winter rains, whispered hoarsely of the wild night, where, high in space, clouds were hurrying as though on some urgent errand; of the swiftness of waters, crowding on each other in foam as they rushed through league after league of dim, sleeping country, past the hushed darkness of clustered houses, the brooding bulk of ancient churches and fortresses. Within the hollowed rock there was no longer any sound except this sound of the river, which seemed the voice of a dominant purpose, of an irresistible force, moving towards some glorious end. The nasal chant of the priests had ceased, and they knelt square in the stiff folds of their vestments before a small altar set with lights. In the caverned dimness of the rude crypt at their backs a score of black-robed figures knelt also with bowed heads, as though they listened to the eager persistent whisper of the river. The priests rose, and having made obeisance to the altar came down to pass between the worshippers. Three men in the front rank still knelt, and the oldest of the priests, pausing, laid his hands upon their heads, and solemnly commended these men and their enterprise to the care of God. Then, bearing the sacred vessels, the vestmented figures and their two acolytes with faintly twinkling tapers passed slowly out of sight down a low archway, roughly hollowed in the rock at the further end of the subterranean chapel. In the reverent hush which accompanied their passing, a single faint voice of weeping was heard and ceased again. As with one impulse, the worshippers left their places and gathered round the men whom the priest had thus specially blessed. They wore the dress of muleteers, and one was in fact a sturdy peasant—broad of cheek and black of curl and whisker. Another, a middle-aged man, gentle and refined in appearance, but of the enfeebled type which marked the dwindled race of Spanish courtier

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nobles. The third, although his skin was stained and his fair hair hidden under a handkerchief, was the same blond young man who, dressed as an Andalusian, had footed it so merrily at the Carnival in Madrid. The women of the group wore, in place of the light mantilla, black hood-like draperies beneath which their faces glimmered mere blurs of white pierced by the darkness of eyes. In the uncertain light and deep shadow of the rocky vault, the faces of the men were hardly more to be distinguished. Their black cloaks fell in straight folds from head to heel. They seemed not creatures of flesh and blood, but a ghostly company of mourners or avengers at some spectral funeral; and the sorrows of Spain, and also her inextinguishable hope, spoke in their low voices as they bade farewell to these her emissaries to her betrayed and captive King.

'You will see our King! O blessed eyes! You will see Ferdinand our Desired.'

'Tell him our three sons were killed in his holy cause. But it is not for them we wear mourning.'

'Tell him the Spain of the Bonapartes is a desert, but for its legitimate King it will blossom like a rose.'

'Let him know how happy, how proud, we are to spend our last *real*, to pour out the last drop of our blood for such a king as he is.'

'Say that Spain will go mad with joy on the day that Ferdinand VII.'s foot once more treads on Spanish earth.'

So the bursts of love and loyalty came hurrying over one another like the rushing waves in the river without. And the Count de Almaguer would have listened with his gentle smile, while half the night went by; but Patrick Dillon stood behind him. He with all thanks and benedictions, with friendly words of farewell and good cheer, presently stepped away from the group, carrying the Count with him and followed by the peasant.

Steps hewn in the rock led up from the vault, which was in fact but the cellar of a large wayside inn. In the stable, up to which the steps led, six mules, tall and strong beyond the average, stood ready loaded with packs and saddlebags.

The peasant stepped out into the road that glimmered wet with rain. At some distance a few twinkling lights denoted a bridge across the river and certain masses of solid darkness against the dim spaces of night, the buildings of a town. Nothing was stirring on the road, and he brought out the mules. The two adventurers

came out and mounted: waved a silent farewell back into the shadows. The mules started off at a quiet walking pace, and in a minute the slight creaking of their packs, the sharp pat of their hoofs on the wet road, were no longer heard. The deliverers of the King had started on their perilous pilgrimage.

So they journeyed on, resting by day and travelling by night so long as they were within the swoop of French garrisons, and, passing these without misadventure, reached the mountain country on the borders of Guipúzcoa. Their mules were laden with chocolate, oranges, and other light foodstuffs; yet they trod heavily, as though there were indeed something heavier in their packs.

They now exchanged the squeak of the bat for the song of the lark, yet still followed unfrequented paths and halted no oftener than they were compelled to do. When they were within half a day's journey of their destination—the port of Santa Maria de Untcia—they spent the night at a lonely inn, where there was no food to be had either for love or money. For even this remote region knew something of the famine left by marching and counter-marching armies, by *guerrilleros*, and by bands of brigands who assumed the name. It was their intention to sleep in the same stable as their mules, and, seating themselves on some clean litter which Pedro, their peasant guide, had collected, they made their supper of oranges and chocolate from their packs. While they were eating it by the light of a torch stuck in the wall, they were aware of a face looking down on them from the top of the staircase, hardly more than a ladder, which led to the rooms of the inn. It was a wolfish face, lean, with glittering eyes above a dark protuberant jaw. So hungry it looked that Patrick rose to offer the poor creature such food as they had. But instantly it vanished. They thought no more of the watching face, although that night, as other nights, they kept watch in turn beside their packs. And, as they watched, their thoughts were pleasant. To-morrow Pedro's part would have been played and his reward secured. The Count de Almaguer and Patrick Dillon would be either on board the ship which had been chartered to meet them and on their way to France, or at any rate would have placed their precious load in temporary security with the civil authorities of Santa Maria de Untcia, to whom they bore a letter of recommendation from the Cardinal Archbishop and the Supreme Junta.

They left the inn at daybreak. At first their way lay up valleys, narrow and steep, yet fertile. For though certain grey crags and

summits stood up high and pale, catching the blond early sunlight, the mountain sides were mostly clothed with grass, broken by hanging coppices of dwarf oak or pine. Homesteads, red-roofed, white-walled, flecked here and there even the highest ridges of green, and below them garrulous streams hurried upon their way.

But by noon they had reached a more rugged and solitary world. The broken path clung round the flank of a shaly mountain top above the bed of a torrent. Beyond the torrent the ground again rose, rocky, with tumbled boulders among dwarf pines and brushwood. Pedro was little acquainted with this particular by-way, and Patrick, leaving the staid file of mules to his companions' care, climbed higher to reconnoitre. Above the first shaly bank was a sun-smitten grass slope, which, after the manner of such slopes, proved longer than it appeared. But at the top he met a sudden breeze, and to his yet greater refreshment the immensity, the wide pale shimmer of the calm Atlantic. Cape upon cape, mountain on mountain, faint gold and grey, opal and amethyst, there opened before him the long westward sweep of the Bay of Biscay. But a range of hills still hid the immediate coast—the great headland under which lies the harbour and town of Santa Maria de Untcia.

Having orientated himself, Patrick hastened to rejoin his companions, taking such a direction as to strike the track considerably higher up than he had left it. He found it without error, but separated from him by a sheer drop of thirty feet. The file of mules below him was at a standstill, and three new and disquieting figures had made their appearance on that wild and solitary scene. One was a man on a Rosinante steed, but with nothing else of Don Quixote in his appearance. He had a very villainous countenance, was dressed in the sleeveless tunic of a French infantry uniform and carried an old cavalry sabre. Two men on foot in the dress of peasants and armed with long knives, were prowling round the mules, scenting, as it were, the contents of their packs. One was the man whose wolfish face had peered down on them as they ate their supper in the stable of the inn.

The mounted man had accosted the Count, who rode the leading mule, and now held in his hand the paper which contained the Spanish passports of the party.

'To the devil with your passports!' he was exclaiming in a bullying voice and with a strong Basque accent. 'I know who you are, and where you come from.'

'If so, Señor, you will the more willingly let us pass,' returned the Count with cold dignity.

'You are taking good things to feast the rascally French monkeys at San Sebastian. That's why you slink along this way when there is a straight road enough to Santa Maria de Untcia. But, by the blessed saints, honest Basques, brave *guerrilleros*, shall not starve while such as you have good food in plenty.'

'Do you call yourself a loyal subject of our legitimate King, Ferdinand VII.?' asked the Count de Almaguer.

The brigand, with a volley of oaths, asseverated that he was a patriot and ready to die for his beloved King; and for that reason, he added, it was right that for the present he should live.

'Know, then, that we ourselves are on the King's business,' returned Almaguer haughtily, and drew a paper from his bosom. 'I have here letters from the Supreme Junta to the President of the Junta of Santa Maria de Untcia, desiring them to protect and assist us by every means in their power.'

The brigand snatched the letter from Almaguer's hand and instantly tore it to fragments, together with the passport.

'So much for your Supreme Junta, my son!' he cried insultingly, as he strewed them to the wind. 'And now let us see what you have got in your packs.'

Immediately he of the wolfish face, who had been listening hungrily, his long knife in his hand, ripped open the near saddle-bag of the second mule, and a shower of oranges fell out and rolled in all directions. So keen was the knife and long that it pierced through to an inner bag, concealed within the other, and not only golden fruit, but more literally golden coins poured from it to the ground. The robbers yelled in amazement and delight. But Almaguer had taken a pistol from his mule's pack and fired it at the leader of the brigands. The bullet missed its mark but accidentally hit the third brigand, slightly wounding him. With an oath the mounted man rode at Almaguer, clumsily heaving his big sabre to bring it down on the Count's frail and defenceless body. But although all this had passed very quickly, Patrick Dillon was no longer watching the affair from above. He had run on, and, being fleet of foot, reached in a few seconds a spot where he could easily get on to the track again. The path was very steep, but he ran bounding down it, a long teamster's whip in his hand, and came on the scene round a sharp corner, just as the mounted man was riding at Almaguer. And just as the clumsily wielded yet deadly

sabre hung to the fall, a heavy whip-lash sprang hissing through the air and fell with stinging force on the brigand's bare hand and forearm. He dropped his weapon, and the cry of rage and surprise had hardly time to escape his lips before the same fiercely wielded lash caught him across the face, cutting the flesh and damaging one of his eyes.

'Man! Take the sabre!' cried Patrick hoarsely to Almaguer.

The Count, half dazed by his near escape from death, slipped to the ground and looked round him vaguely for the fallen weapon. The wolfish-faced man was quicker than he. He dashed in, knife in hand, and seized the fragile courtier by the throat. Almaguer fell to the ground and a stream of dark blood, flowing from his body, crept down the rocky path. Seeing it Patrick groaned with rage and grief. The robber picked up the sabre from the ground and went to hand it back to his chief; but there was another loaded pistol on one leading mule, and Patrick went to find it. He snatched it out, and as luck would have it, the hastily aimed bullet hit the wolfish-faced man in the head. He spun round, fell head-over-heels over the steep edge of the path, and rolling a little way, lay quite still in the shallow torrent. All this while Pedro had not stood with folded hands. He had closed with the third robber body to body, knife to knife, and being a powerful as well as a faithful fellow, seemed like to give a good account of him. But now the leader, with his recovered sabre, came up to the pair as they swayed and backed this way and that, locked in mortal combat. He rode up somewhat blindly, still seeing only sparks with one eye, and as he was an inexperienced swordsman it happened that while Pedro leapt back unhurt the sabre inflicted a severe flesh wound on his own comrade's right arm. The man had already been something bled by the Count's bullet and Pedro's knife, but this was 'the unkindest cut of all.' Yelling fury in Basque, he paused to press the slit flesh of his arm back into place, and his eye happened to catch the dead body of his companion lying face downwards in the torrent below them. Then it seemed he had no stomach for more of such fighting, even for the golden treasure which strewed the ground.

He jumped down into the torrent bed, and having crossed it plunged into the broken and wooded ground beyond. The mounted brigand threw an oath or two after him, looked regretfully down at the strewn gold, doubtfully away at Pedro and Patrick, who had drawn quickly together, then, abandoning the hope of

immediate gain, struck his spurs deep into Rosinante's sides and disappeared round the corner of the steep track with marvellous celerity.

CHAPTER IV.

THE zigzag road drops steeply down to the town of Santa Maria de Untcia—Our Lady of the Ship. The wool merchants of Navarre, driving their laden mules down it, saw the little green harbour at their feet packed with high-pooped vessels waiting to carry their bales to the markets of wealthy Bilbao. Those days were long over, and although the harbour was still green and unruffled under the high headland, even when scudding plumes of foam broke up white from the broad Atlantic, the craft that went in and out were few and insignificant. But the little town itself looked much as the wool merchants saw it from up there, clustering between the harbour and the mountains; a huddle of red and brown roofs, broken by the wide market-place, and dominated by the square tower of the big church, the gilded galleon of its vane catching the sunshine, or shifting uneasily in the variable gusts from sea and mountain. Under the massive tower a deep porch, gloriously carven with the story of Our Lady, looked on the market-place, now faced by a modern whitewashed town hall, the front of which rested on a row of pillars raised on a few steps. In the centre of the square was a large fountain-basin whose outer circle seemed the customary lounge of the town idlers. But on this day there were more than idlers gathered there, and more even than market people. A crowd of men, some seated on the stone rim of the fountain, others leaning against it, cigar in mouth, discoursing in the Basque tongue to groups of men gathered in front of them. All wore the round black cap of Guipúzcoa, and some the long dark cloak; but odd scraps of uniform, Spanish and French, showed among the crowd, and on the whole there was something strange and motley in their appearance. The casual peasant might hide a knife in his sash, or even put a musket on his shoulder, for safety's sake; but in this crowd were knives, muskets, and swords of many makes, carried with an air which well might alarm the peaceful tradespeople of Santa Maria de Untcia. A sinister-looking fellow in a sleeveless French tunic, with a red wheal across his face, leaned his back against the fountain rim, talking eagerly in a low voice to a group about him. The clattering entrance of a train of mules

coming down a steep street, could not pass unnoticed in the busily idle market square. A death-pale man wrapped in a bloody cloak hung rather than sat among the bags on the foremost. Those behind were driven by two muleteers, one big and swarthy, the other slight and of boyish aspect. Before the whole team had entered the square there were many eyes turned upon it, some idly glancing, others fixed as those of hunting animals when they sight a prey. The man with the mark on his face uttered a cry of triumph when he caught sight of the mules, and shooting out his arm in their direction addressed the crowd vehemently. It seemed he found willing listeners, and although Patrick and his follower could not understand what he was saying they had little difficulty in guessing the purport of his speech. The presence of a band of *guerrilleros* in the loyal town of Santa Maria de Untcia would have caused Patrick Dillon little uneasiness before his adventure on the mountain. Now he felt that even here there might be trouble in store for the servants of the King. But his few years of manhood had been packed with warfare and adventure, and he had not only the courage, but the coolness in danger born of experience and the habit of command.

The Town Hall was unmistakable, and he noticed that the big doors were open, and that a group of respectable citizens were just passing in. It takes a crowd a little time to be conscious of its own intentions, or at any rate, to act upon them. The pack was not yet in full cry behind a leader. Patrick and Pedro brought the mules unopposed to the Town Hall and ranged them up against the steps. The citizens had disappeared, but a decent-looking old man stood at the door with a cloak over his arm.

'Where can we find the President or some member of the Junta?' asked Patrick.

'He is here, Señor,' replied the old man. 'The Junta is meeting to-day. I am the President's servant, and am waiting for him.'

Patrick slipped a duro into his hand.

'Tell him that three servants of the legitimate King and the Supreme Junta earnestly beg his help and protection.'

The old man went upon his errand. Whether a civilian president, probably a tradesman, would be of any real assistance to him if indeed he had had the ill fortune to encounter a band of brigands Patrick felt to be doubtful. But he must play the cards he held, since he had no others. His next thought was for Almaguer. The Count was suffering too much to heed what was passing, and his

friends laid him on the pavement of the arcade against the inner wall. Patrick then stood on the steps behind the mules, felt the pistols in his sash and surveyed the square. The brigand of the mountain was now gesticulating in talk with a man who appeared to be his leader—a fat swaggering man with large black moustachios and rings on his fingers. At length this man drew near, while behind him the armed men among the loungers pushed their way to the front and stood a serried mass before the Town Hall and the laden mules.

The leader addressed Patrick Dillon in Spanish.

‘Hullo, muleteer! What is your business? I am Laurentch Mendiburu, captain of the patriotic *partida* of Guipúzcoa, the brave *partida* which has exterminated the French and driven them out of this country.’

‘I kiss your hands, Señor Captain,’ replied Patrick, removing his cap, and making as sweeping a bow with it as though it had been a three-cornered hat, ‘and I felicitate you on your patriotism. But my business is with the President of the local Junta, which, I understand, meets here to-day.’

‘Man, you are mistaken,’ swaggered Mendiburu. ‘*Qué Debrua!* I am the military governor of this place, and it is with me you have to do. I know you have provisions there. What does the Junta want with provisions? But my loyal and patriotic *guerrilleros* must be fed and paid too. Yes, they must be paid.’

Mendiburu’s tone had rapidly become bullying, and when he spoke of food and pay there were growls and exclamations of assent from his followers.

‘Señor Captain,’ replied Patrick unmoved, ‘I am not in charge of a convoy for your brave Irregulars. My dress deceives you. If you look closer you will see that I am no muleteer. I am an officer in the service of our beloved and legitimate King, Ferdinand VII., and I am sent here by the Cardinal Archbishop and by the Supreme Junta on a secret mission. A soldier must obey his orders, and mine are to report myself and my convoy to the President of your Junta.’

Speaking, Patrick removed his cap and the peasant’s kerchief which, covering as it did the fair crest of his hair and half his forehead, was singularly disguising. He threw open his short jacket and showed glittering upon his breast beneath it the badge of the Order of the Golden Fleece; to which he had little right, having but a moment before removed it from the breast pocket of the wounded Count. The brigands stared at the transformation,

and there was a moment of baffled silence ; for though they knew not the precise significance of the badge upon his breast, they saw that they had laid hands on something of more importance than a mere train of muleteers bearing merchandise. But while the leader considered, the brigand of the mountain muttered in his ear :

‘ Let me see your letters and passport,’ said the leader.

‘ Señor Captain, my orders are to deliver them to the President of the Junta.’

Mendiburu scowled and was silent. Then someone raised an opportune cry.

‘ Down with the President ! Down with the Constitutionalists !’

It was taken up and when it died Mendiburu spoke again.

‘ So you will not tell your business to a good Christian’—he crossed himself and kissed his thumb—‘ and a good Royalist. You will tell it only to the President, who is an Atheist and a Constitutionalist. Friends, this is a plot against the King. *Viva el Rey !*’

‘ *Viva el Rey !*’ shouted Patrick lustily, waving his cap. ‘ *Viva Fernando VII. !* Noble and patriotic Spaniards, let us fight the French and not each other.’

‘ Alas! Señor,’ said a low and refined voice behind him, ‘ you do not speak to patriots. These men are robbers.’ He turned and saw a dark delicate-featured man in the dress of a well-to-do citizen. On his appearance beside Patrick a cry was raised and taken up by the whole band.

‘ Down with the President ! Down with the Junta ! Down with Atheists ! Down with Constitutionalists.’

Meantime Patrick spoke earnestly.

‘ Señor President, we are on the King’s service—on a delicate and important mission. In the name of his Majesty, the Cardinal Archbishop and the Supreme Junta, I ask your protection.’

‘ I can protect no one, not even myself,’ replied the President with perfect calm, looking at his watch, which hung on a black ribbon with some seals attached.

‘ I have come to tell you that if you can keep these stupid people talking a few minutes longer you will save your lives and mine a’so.’

He paused and looked again at his watch, adding : ‘ I cannot believe that my watch is fast.’

Patrick could hardly hear what he said for the fierce yelling of the crowd, and did not wait to ask what succour the President

expected. Taking advantage of a momentary lull in the noise, he addressed the leader of the band.

'The President, Señor, agrees with me that the best thing I can now do with our cargo is to divide it among these good patriots.'

'It is well, man—you are wise,' returned the leader, twisting his whisker with a sinister smile, which became a laugh, as a large stone flew past the President's ear and struck the wall of the Town Hall.

'I will ask one favour,' continued Patrick, 'that you will keep order and allow me myself to unload and distribute what is here, as there are military plans which should not be seen or destroyed, also explosive bombs which must not be roughly handled.'

'We will see, we will see, friend. Take those countrywomen's baskets, Guillen, and bring them to me. I will stand by you, Muleteer, Captain—whatever you are—and pass on whatever it is good for my men to have.'

Pedro, his ready knife in his sash, moved up and down between the string of mules and the crowding brigands, half undoing cords and pretending to open bales, according to his master's orders, but slowly and reluctantly, hardly able to believe his ears.

The President had not moved, but leaned on his stick, impassive, almost smiling, pelted with abuse and occasional stones.

Patrick began at the last mule. He fumbled with a wooden case of chocolate; but the leader, intervening, easily splintered it with his knife. Too much delay would evidently irritate these men. Accordingly at a moderate speed, Patrick emptied all the store of oranges, olives and chocolate from the load of the last mule into the market baskets, which were handed round among some scores of eagerly grabbing hands. But it was not likely that so regulated a form of plunder would long satisfy the brigands. He could hear jeers and growls flying, although he could not understand their words. A shower of oranges pelted round the President. One knocked off his tall hat of rough beaver, and there was a roar of laughter. He picked it up, brushed it, replaced it on his head, still impassive, and again drew out his watch.

'Make haste!' cried Mendiburu. 'There is a bag here not yet empty.'

He would have put his hand to the bottom of it, but Patrick struck the hand aside.

'Take care, Captain! The bombs are there.'

'He lies!' exclaimed the hoarse voice of the brigand of the

mountain. 'He has gold there. He is keeping it back from us. He is a traitor.'

The word 'gold' ran through the crowd, and it seemed as though in a moment the whole mass of brigands would sweep like a wave over the line of laden mules. But this would not have been to the taste of Mendiburu, who meant to have, not only his share, but more. He swaggered along between the crowd and the mules, roaring oaths and prohibitions; but naturally cared nothing at all what became of the muleteers. And the brigand of the mountain, knife in hand, was creeping up with intent to spring upon Patrick. Patrick however was no amateur of knife-fights, and perceiving him coming, slipped behind a mule and waited for him, pistol in hand. He did not need to bid Pedro take up a similar position, for there he was already crouching behind a pack, his knife firmly grasped. A bullet pinged past Patrick's ear and struck a pillar behind him. It seemed the game was begun and for the muleteers and for the President of the Junta it must be a losing one. Intent upon the babel of the square, Patrick did not consciously hear through it the regular beat of horse-hoofs; yet when to glance away from his antagonists, even for two seconds, might be folly, something made him look up a straight street to his right, and he saw a squadron of Hussars coming along it, four abreast, at a sharp trot. And they were not French but Spanish troops. The President could not yet see them, for he stood within the arcade; but although a bullet had grazed his sleeve he had made no movement of retreat. They were quite close, and before it was clear whether the brigand leader would or would not prevent the confused plunder of the mules' packs, the Hussars had debouched upon the square. The clamour and the swaying movement of the crowd suddenly paused. Spanish cavalry had never been seen in Santa Maria de Untcia before, and a cry was raised: 'The French! The French are coming!'

The astonished brigands fell back towards the middle of the square, while a number of men, women, and children, who had collected there out of mere curiosity, began running towards the streets on the opposite sides. But from these they found themselves shut out by the march of another body of armed men, not unlike the brigand band in dress and weapons, but more soldierly in appearance and wearing the badge of the 7th Spanish Army.

As the cavalry poured in, their officers' words of command rang out sharp above the confused cries and murmurs of the crowd,

the *Aï, aï, aï*, of the terrified women, the hoarse appeals of men to God and the Devil. They quickly formed up three deep before the Town Hall and drew a cordon two deep round half the square, leaving the other half to the care of the Irregulars, who had advanced from the opposite side. The President and the Colonel in command of the cavalry saluted each other with a look of recognition.

'Whom shall I arrest, Señor President?' asked the Colonel.

'All,' returned the President.

'But Laurentch Mendiburu, which is he?'

'The fat man yonder with the gilt epaulettes.'

The Colonel, with the troopers behind him, rode up to the brigand leader and spoke in a loud voice which everyone could hear.

'Laurentch Mendiburu, I arrest you in the name of King Ferdinand VII. and the Junta.'

The brigand blustered. 'Arrest me, General Mendiburu? A brave, loyal, patriotic *guerrillero*? My sons, my noble *guerrilleros*, will not see me arrested.'

'I arrest you Laurentch Mendiburu,' the Colonel's voice reiterated, 'as a robber and a murderer. I arrest you, all you men of Mendiburu's band. Lay down your weapons here, on the spot which I point out.'

There was hesitation and murmuring among the brigands, but they looked about them seeking escape rather than planning resistance. Mendiburu, to whom the near prospect of a bullet or the garotte lent eloquence, adjured them to defend their injured honour with their lives, and fight the proud and traitorous Castilians like brave Basques, but in vain. There rode up from the opposite side of the square a man on a tall grey mule, the Captain of the Irregulars. His dress was not unlike that of the brigand of the mountain, for he wore an old officer's tunic and on his head a peasant's cap. His black whiskers curled almost up to his eyes. Mendiburu turned to him eagerly.

'I know you, Campillo; you are a *guerrillero*, as I am. Will you let brave *guerrilleros* be treated as robbers by coward Regulars? No, my brother, no. We are both *guerrilleros*.' And Mendiburu waved his sword.

'Brigand! assassin! liar! coward!' cried the infuriated Campillo, 'you dare to disgrace the name of *guerrillero*? I will save the hangman trouble.'

He whipped a pistol from his holster and fired at close quarters.

The ball went into the middle of Mendiburu's forehead, and he fell dead upon his face.

'Give up your weapons, rascals,' roared Campillo, 'or you shall all, every one of you, be spitted like sucking pigs and shot like dogs!'

And before he had finished the flourish of oaths with which he rounded off his sentence, half a dozen brigands had come forward and sullenly laid their weapons on the spot pointed out by the Colonel. Finally the whole band, tied two and two to the troopers' saddles, was marched away to the local prison; and the respectable citizens of Santa Maria de Untcia breathed freely again, for the first time for many days.

Before Mendiburu had fallen, Patrick was already kneeling by the unconscious Almaguer, supporting him in his arms.

'Let me come,' said the President at his elbow. 'I am a doctor—Bichinto Arriaga of the University of Salamanca.'

He examined the unconscious Almaguer with rapid experienced eyes and fingers, under Patrick's anxious gaze, said nothing, but beckoned his old servant. In a few minutes a loose shutter had been found, and the Count was being borne to the doctor's house, Patrick and he following behind. Arriaga would only say that the case was serious. He told Patrick that the town had been for more than a week in the power of one of those robber bands which, assuming the name of *guerrilleros*, took advantage of the chaos of war to prey upon their neighbours. He had immediately appealed to the nearest Spanish troops for succour, and had received information of its approach shortly before the appearance of Patrick and his party.

When Patrick, full of grief and anxiety for his friend, had left him in the doctor's hands, he hurried back to the square to look after his mules and their precious burden. He found them under the arcade, herded together in the angle of the wall, with Pedro planted before them, gesticulating, truculent, and face to face with him, Campillo, also gesticulating and truculent.

'These are my master's mules, and they are also the King's mules,' cried Pedro. 'Neither soldier nor brigand shall lay a finger on them.'

'Colonel Urriés and I are the masters here, rascal,' replied the *guerrillero*; 'and as to the King—whom may the saints preserve—are these mules going to Valençay to fetch him?'

'Perhaps yes, Captain, and perhaps no,' said Patrick, mounting

the steps. 'If the Colonel will grant me a private audience, I will tell him who I am and why I and my mules are here.'

'If you have an audience with Urriés, Señorito, you must have one also with me. I am acting with Regulars, it is true, but I take no orders blindfold.'

To this arrangement Patrick perforce consented, and it having been agreed that Pedro and the mules should remain unmolested for the present, followed the *guerrillero* up the stone stairs which led to the principal rooms of the Town Hall. After waiting awhile he was shown into a large bare room where Campillo and the Colonel sat at a bare table, the Colonel examining a map, and both smoking cigars. Patrick had already perceived that the Colonel was more vigorous and competent than the usual Spanish cavalry officer, but not without the arrogance of the type. But the haughtiness of the Colonel's questionings was moderated when Captain Dillon produced certain letters confirming the fact of his own identity and, above all, the Count's. For the Count de Almaguer was well known, both because of his rank and because he had been among the companions of Ferdinand's captivity, until sent back to Spain by the French Government. When he had listened to the story, '*Qué demonio!*' cried the Colonel; 'Almaguer is a clever man, indeed, to have collected all this money, for I could have sworn the country was completely beggared.'

'And all to go into Napoleon's pocket,' grumbled the *guerrillero*.

'What do you mean, Señor?' asked Patrick, bristling.

'That this is a folly. The patriotic armies are starving, they are naked, they have forgotten the smell of money—and you are taking all this gold over the frontier.'

'To rescue our beloved King—'

'Man! It is we who are rescuing him. It will be done before your friend leaves his bed.'

'Campillo speaks well,' chimed in the Colonel. 'In two months the allied armies will be in France.'

'Their leaders are less sanguine, gentlemen. At any rate, the Count de Almaguer and I have our mission to fulfil. This money was entrusted to us by persons who could ill spare it, in order that we might rescue our King from prison and from the danger of death. You say we cannot do it. I say we can, and will.'

'You are young and confident—foolish, I might say. I cannot consent to this great sum of money, which is so sorely needed in Spain, being uselessly squandered on French soil.'

'By Jesu, Maria and Saint Joseph, you are right, Colonel!' cried the *guerrillero*.

'What is the use of creeping into France by a side door to try and steal the King away, when here are we marching in at the great gates, with drum and trumpet, to fetch our Ferdinand VII. back in triumph to his throne?'

'It will assuredly go further towards setting our beloved King at liberty in General Renovales' hands than in yours,' opined the Colonel.

Patrick looked from one to the other. He went pale and frowned formidably.

'Am I to understand, gentlemen, that you mean to rob us of this money?'

The Colonel drew himself up.

'Choose your words better, Señorito. Let us look at the matter this way. Here is money collected for a loyal and patriotic purpose. This purpose cannot be carried out in the manner intended if only because of the misfortune which has befallen the Count de Almaguer. We desire to transfer it to serve the same loyal and patriotic purpose in another way. Yet nothing shall be done without the commands of General Renovales—I promise you that upon my honour.'

'A fig for your honour!' cried the incensed Patrick. 'By the life of San Geronimo, you may call this what you like, gentlemen, but I call it robbery—shameless robbery! Trust me, the King shall hear of it——'

'The King,' observed the *guerrillero*, 'will care little how the money has been got when it has served to seat his Majesty—whom the saints preserve—on his throne again.'

'If you persist in this outrage, Colonel Urriés, I shall report you to the Supreme Junta.'

The Colonel made a gesture of insolent indifference.

'The Supreme Junta is a long way off,' said the *guerrillero*, smiling broadly. 'We should never drive out the French if we waited for the Supreme Junta's orders.'

And no one knew this better than Captain Dillon, of the Ultonia Regiment.

'It is then by Spaniards we are to be robbed!' cried Patrick passionately. 'By Heaven, if another man had told me this tale I should have sworn it was the calumny of an *afrancesado*!'

'You can accompany me to-morrow to the General,' replied

the Colonel, shrugging his shoulders. 'The decision rests with him. Meantime it is likely your friend Almaguer will die, and then what becomes of your expedition?'

'I shall carry it through myself,' returned Patrick hotly. 'Farewell, gentlemen; but do not suppose you have done with me.'

'What is this about Renovales?' asked the *guerrillero* suspiciously when the Ultonian had left the room. 'My brave fellows must have their share.'

'Be satisfied, friend Campillo,' replied the Colonel. 'The General will be of the same opinion as ourselves, and the responsibility will be his in case Almaguer should recover and gain the King's ear.'

There were tears of rage and despair in Patrick's eyes as he hastened through the squalid streets of Santa Maria de Untcia towards the doctor's house.

He was glad that for the moment the Count de Almaguer was behind the veil of physical suffering, and incapable of learning what disaster had befallen the scheme to which he had devoted months, and even years, of effort. Patrick Dillon had been recommended to him as a colleague by friends in high places—as a promising young soldier, not without experience in daring and adventurous passages of war. Patrick was neither a rebel nor of Jacobite ancestry, like the majority of Irish adventurers on the Continent, but of a respectable family settled in the Peninsula for commercial purposes. An uncle of his had long ago joined one of the Irish regiments in the Spanish service, and, having won the fleeting smiles of Queen Maria Luisa, had risen to be a General and a person of some importance. Thus it happened that Patrick had been intimate as a child with a family so much above his own in rank as that of Villarta, and that he had early obtained a commission in his uncle's regiment, which was known as the Ultonia, or the Ulster Regiment.

To Patrick's sanguine young eyes the scheme had promised well; and he could conceive no greater honour than to be chosen to play a part in the rescue of his wronged sovereign, to whom he felt as passionate a loyalty as any true-born Spaniard from the Pyrenees to the Straits of Gibraltar. The courtier Count might not be an ideal colleague in such an adventure, but the greatness of his name and his many connections had enabled him to raise sums such as no mere soldier could have obtained. Besides, his intimate acquaintance with the French tongue, with the King, with Valençay

and its inhabitants, seemed compensation for the soldierly qualities which he lacked. Moreover, Patrick loved the man for his gentle and chivalrous disposition. He felt such news as he now bore must be a death-blow to his friend if revealed.

Accordingly when he stole into the dark alcove where Almaguer lay, low down in the bed and strangely shrunken, he told no news except that they were safe in Santa Maria de Untcia, and the ship from Bilbao not yet arrived.

'It matters not to me,' said Almaguer, 'for I shall never sail in her. And that matters not either. It is you, dear Dillon, who will save the King.'

'Not alone, Count, not without you.'

'Whether alone I know not, but without me certainly, and perhaps better without. When a man nears death he sees things more clearly.'

'Courage, dear Count; you shall not die. Arriaga will not allow you to die.'

'I shall die, my friend. Why not? My part is done. My name, my connections have enabled me to collect the money we required. I see very well I should only have been a hindrance to you now.'

'Never——'

'But it is so. God is good in taking me away at the right time. It is a dying man's fancy; you will, I know, save the King at any cost; but swear to me, whatever happens, you will go through with this thing to the end. Oh, you will, I know, Dillon! Yet swear it to me upon the crucifix.'

Almaguer lifted his delicate woman-like hand, showing in it an ebony crucifix bearing a silver Christ. Patrick kneeling by the bed, leaned against it, troubled by the speech of the wounded man and by the knowledge hidden in his own mind. Leaning he felt something hard, almost sharp, against his breast. It was the diamond necklace of Luzita about his neck, which seemed urging him to the oath. With his left hand feeling the necklace, his right hand upon the crucifix in Almaguer's hand, he swore to dedicate himself, body and soul, to the rescue of Ferdinand VII., and never to desist until either his purpose was accomplished, or he, or the King himself—which Heaven forbid!—should have ceased to live.

So his Excellency the Count de Almaguer died in Santa Maria de Untcia, and was buried there, far from the tomb of his fathers. And Patrick Dillon of the Ultonia Regiment went on

his way to visit General Renovales. Renovales, however, gave him no satisfaction, but declaring that the death of Almaguer had closed the matter of King Ferdinand's rescue, distributed the confiscated money among his starving troops, with the assurance that on the conclusion of the war he would account for the same to the Supreme Junta.

CHAPTER V.

At the further end of the great dining-room tall footmen moved silently on a carpet of deep pile, extinguishing one by one the candles in heavy silver candelabra. The vast sideboard with its flanking urns, the full-length portrait of Lord Hove in velvet and powder, the yellowish plaster busts of the late Mr. Pitt and His Majesty, cocking their noses at each other from their pedestals in opposite corners, all fell back into a discreet penumbra. The more brilliantly for that shone the light from the many-faceted chandelier on the polished circle of the mahogany table, at its smallest with the accommodation of three gentlemen only—my lord, His son the Major, and his son-in-law, Sir Frederick, for so long private secretary to Mr. Perceval.

There was silence. The Major stretched an arm, helping himself in handfuls from the cream-coloured Wedgwood dishes to nuts, oranges, almonds, and raisins. My lord leaned back in his chair and sipped his port. His hair was white, and for all the correct modernity of his costume the stamp of the eighteenth century was upon his delicate features, the easy grace of his attitude, his fine, useless-looking hands. The nineteenth century, the public man, faced him on the hearthrug, Sir Frederick, long, gaunt, conscientious, with small side whiskers.

'The oranges, at any rate, are as good here as in France, eh, James?' queried my lord, glancing at his son.

'Better, my lord, a d—d deal better,' returned the Major fervently, 'like everything else.'

'No, no, James! I envy you six years of French dinners.'

The Major's face turned a deeper crimson.

'You can't mean that, my lord.'

Silence fell again, and continued until the last footman had softly closed the large mahogany door behind him. It was the Major who broke it.

'I never knew before you took such a doosid deal of interest

in us poor devils of prisoners in France, Frederick. Does that mean the Government intends to do something at last ?

'Should the Government have conceived any project for their assistance, James,' returned Sir Frederick, 'it would be a breach of confidence on my part were I to divulge it to you.'

'Then you shouldn't have asked me for information. I've got my own reasons for asking. There's a fellow I know, a *détenu*, at Tours I want to help if I get a chance. It's Erskine Charlesworth, my lord—I've told you about him.'

'Yes, yes,' replied my lord, picking his teeth, 'your son's tutor—a scholar of some Oxford college.'

'That's the man, my lord. Charlesworth made scholars of my boys, and, what's more, he rode my horses to win. D—d old screws, only fit for a hackney coach, he'd ride 'em and win on the post. That little trip of ours to France pretty near ruined Maria and me, but she's said twenty times since we came back she'd sell her diamonds if that would get Charlesworth out of it; and I'm sure she would, too! So I'll give you a cheque for anything you like, Frederick, and ask no questions.'

Sir Frederick put the suggestion aside with his hand.

'Impossible, James! I have no commission relative to the dettenu. I asked his lordship's assistance this evening in a delicate matter, a most important business, and I—in fact I hardly expected to find you here.'

Fortunately just then a footman announced the Major's cur-ricule. While he made his adieux to his father, Sir Frederick turned to the chimneypiece, took out a pocket-book, detached a silver pencil-case from his fob, and noted a few particulars obtained from the Major.

'What class of person is this Dillon?' asked Lord Hove when Sir Frederick had replaced book and pencil, and having opened a thick gold watch, was comparing its face with that of the bronzed clock on the mantelshelf.

'Heaven knows!' replied Sir Frederick, still apparently suffering some painful doubt as to the precise accuracy of one or other of the timepieces. 'He appears to be one of these Irish adventurers who are always to be found on the Continent, and, for all we can tell, may even be an agent of Bonaparte's, employed for some Machiavellian purpose. But it is desirable that someone should see him, for he asserts that he comes well accredited, and, as you are probably aware, the Government is anxious to

meet the views of the Spanish patriots whenever it is possible to do so.'

'If Ferdinand VII. has the least resemblance to his charming mama—whom I knew so well in the year '77—I should advise the Spaniards to give the Devil his due; that is, let Bonaparte keep their King.'

'What, my lord? Do I understand you would have the noble, the patriotic Spaniards abandon their rightful monarch?'

'My dear Fred, war is a sad thing. It evokes such a deal of tiresome eloquence.'

As he spoke Captain Dillon was announced. By contrast with the large room, the large door, the large footman in white stockings, it looked a very small black figure that stepped in—small but not insignificant. Patrick Dillon advanced in a lofty and leisurely manner, and when he had come within the circle of full light he stood still. Sir Frederick, immovable on the hearthrug, dipped a wooden head and uttered briefly. Lord Hove threw sideways a condescending bow, but struck by the equal coolness, the more graceful condescension, with which the stranger returned these salutations, turned to look at him. He saw a young man of elegant figure dressed in a well-cut black suit with a crest of fair hair curled high on a head proudly carried. The delicacy of his features, the blond brilliancy of his complexion, were feminine; but a slight squareness, a slight outward thrust of the lower jaw, gave his countenance the right masculine touch. Sir Frederick, his eyes fixed on the hearthrug, noted none of these things.

'You took precautions, I presume, Mr. Dillon——' he began.

'Captain Dillon, sir,' corrected the young man. 'I have the honour to be an officer in the service of his most Catholic Majesty.'

'Captain Dillon,' repeated Sir Frederick, as though a mere foreign commission had scarcely been worth so much notice. 'I trust you took precautions in coming to this house. You are, perhaps, not aware that the spies of Bonaparte have an eye on all persons landing from the Continent, and the visits received by Ministers and other persons of importance are registered by them with surprising accuracy. It was for this reason I appointed you to meet me here, where I dine too frequently for my presence to excite remark.'

'I have some experience myself, sir, of Napoleon's spies; indeed, I have lately assumed so many different characters in order to

outwit them that I hardly feel sure myself which is my own, although I cannot permit anyone else to doubt that I am an Irish gentleman and a Spanish officer.'

Sir Frederick coloured slightly and bowed, this time from below the nape of his neck.

'Certainly, certainly!' he ejaculated. 'Pray take a seat, Captain Dillon.'

'I scarcely know which of us is host, Frederick,' said my lord, passing the port, 'but I hope Captain Dillon will do me the honour to take a glass of wine with me.'

Patrick took wine ceremoniously, first with Lord Hove, then with Sir Frederick.

'Before proceeding further, Captain Dillon, you will permit me to ask to see your credentials.'

'By all means, sir; here they are in plenty.'

Patrick drew a packet of letters from an inner pocket and laid them on the table.

'Letters personal to myself from Lord Wellington, General Castaños and others, a letter from the Cardinal Archbishop urging upon your Government the desirability of rescuing our beloved King from the hands of Napoleon. His presence in Spain would be of the greatest advantage to the patriotic cause. And how can the life of a Bourbon be regarded as safe in the hands of the murderer of the Duc d'Enghien?'

Sir Frederick took the letters, handing the Spanish ones to Lord Hove, who had sufficient acquaintance with that language to enable him to arrive at their sense. The credentials appeared to be above suspicion: they described the bearer as young indeed, but an officer of tried courage and resource. All read, considered, commentated, Lord Hove smiled to himself, examining his finger-nails.

'Forgive the observation, sir,' he said, 'but there is one question which does not appear to have been asked by anyone, and that is whether the King of Spain desires to be rescued. His very civil correspondence with Bonaparte gives rise to a certain doubt as to his Majesty's real wishes on that point.'

The fiery rose mounted as high as Patrick Dillon's forehead, and his eyes blazed.

'Sir! my lord!' he cried, 'such a doubt is an insult to our beloved King. What! Do you in England really believe these letters to have been written by the King of Spain? No, a thousand

times no ! They are the vilest of all the vile forgeries circulated by Fouché and his execrable master.'

'I beg to apologise, Captain. I respect and admire your loyalty.'

'We understood you to say in your letter,' said Sir Frederick, 'that you would like to be accompanied by one of our own Continental agents.'

'It would be necessary. I have not been in France since I was a child. Besides, it would bring me more quickly into touch with all the agents of your Government on that side of the Pyrenees.'

'We have just been speaking of one at Tours who would be of the greatest use to you'—and Sir Frederick turned over his notes of conversation with the Major—'Madame de Ferriet.'

'De Ferriet ? I thought he was suspected.'

'Ah, yes, very great nonsense, I'm sure. A man of good family and perfectly honourable. Still, as our most valuable agent refuses him as a colleague he is not to be employed on this business. Madame de Ferriet is a relative, it is true ; but she is a widow. She is often employed to transmit funds from home to the English prisoners. Their friends send them through travelling merchants, and even, I fear, through smugglers. The police are accustomed to wink at these transactions, so that to be supposed to be the bearer of funds for the English prisoners will not get you into trouble, but quite the contrary.'

'If Madame de Ferriet should be a pretty woman she may be very useful to you,' interposed Lord Hove with a sly smile. 'It would be a more agreeable adventure for a young King like yours to elope with a charming lady than to be abducted by a young gentleman.'

Patrick Dillon smiled back superior.

'You are mistaken, my lord. The morals of Ferdinand VII. are known to be severe. Has he not resisted for years all the insidious attacks of Bonaparte's female agents ?'

'Alas ! Then it must be an abduction after all.'

'Pray, my lord, pray !' ejaculated Sir Frederick. 'This is no subject for levity. I fear Captain Dillon, this business would cost a great deal of money.'

Patrick's countenance clouded.

'You have heard, sir, that we had got together close on a million *reals*. We were robbed by—by brigands.'

'Oh, yes ! Very disgraceful, to be sure.'

'Yet I do not come altogether empty-handed. One of our noble and patriotic Spanish ladies has given her jewels, all she had to give, for her King's service. I have heard it said that these diamonds are worth a king's ransom.'

He tore open an untidy brown paper parcel which he had taken from his coat pocket, and a stream of glittering light seemed to pour from his fingers on to the dark shining mahogany table. The diamond necklace of the Villartas lay there flashing in the light of the great chandelier under the dazzled eyes of Lord Hove. His lordship made a noise between amazement and enthusiasm.

'Superb! Magnificent, sir!'

Sir Frederick put up his glasses and inspected the blaze of splendour coldly.

'I presume these are valuable,' he said. 'Unfortunately it would be imprudent to submit them to a jeweller. Bonaparte's spies are everywhere. You are a connoisseur, my lord. Pray examine these stones and tell me if in your opinion they are genuine.'

'Genuine!' cried my lord with indignation. 'My dear Fred, these are as fine Brazilian diamonds as ever I saw, and worth more thousands of pounds than I would say at a venture. A woman of taste would value the setting and cutting of these stones—which was done a hundred years since, I suppose—but there are no women of taste nowadays. So it is most likely that these little sparklers would fetch more if taken out of their setting and recut.'

Patrick changed colour.

'Pray, my lord, no! It is the treasure of an ancient family. If you had seen the young lady who offered it! She had no other jewels—this was all she had—and she gave it to save her King. Begad, my lord, and you, Sir Frederick, if you saw the young lady you'd feel more like running off to fasten the necklace around the pretty neck of her with your own hands than taking it away to be broken up like a rotten ship.'

Now this fervent outburst of Patrick's was most unreasonable, since the young Marquesa had given her diamonds in order that they might be sold. Yet it somehow struck the responsive note. Sir Frederick, if now a Parliament man, had once been a man of sentiment, and my lord was ever a man of gallantry. Sir Frederick might play with his fob, and his lordship smile and take snuff, but the young man's ardent voice conjured up in this far-off London

room a bright, appealing picture of the fair young mistress of the diamonds. The picture seen by Sir Frederick was not the same as the picture seen by his lordship, nor was either like the original, but they served.

'Damn him, Frederick! we must let him keep it,' smiled Lord Hove.

'I dare not go quite so far as that,' replied Sir Frederick, 'but Captain Dillon had better keep the jewels till the Department has considered the matter. It hardly knows where to turn for money, but it would undoubtedly be very advantageous to get the King back to Spain. Have you anything more to say, Captain Dillon?'

'Only to ask that I may be given a companion of the right stuff—brave, yet with a good supply of prudence, for I cannot keep enough of that article to supply both of us. A good liar, too; for there are occasions when a companion who will tell the lies for you is a very great luxury, as, indeed, you must know yourself, Sir Frederick.'

Sir Frederick froze. But before he had evolved a suitably crushing denial his lordship was chuckling:

'A luxury, sir? A necessity to a political man like Sir Frederick. But your glass is empty, Captain Dillon. Sit down, Freddie, and pass the bottle. We have done as much business as can be expected of us after dinner, and I want the Captain to give us the latest news from the Peninsula.'

(To be continued.)

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